

**STOCK**

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**2<sup>s</sup> /**

*Monthly*

**MAY 1965**

**JOURNAL**

**I N T E R N A T I O N A L**



**International Parade**

**Mr. Stock Car reviews the  
season to date**

**Stop Press  
Dutch Results**



# SPEDEWORTH LTD

EUROPE'S LARGEST STOCK CAR

RACING PROMOTERS *proudly present*

## FORMULA II STOCK CAR RACING

*featuring*

LES (Mr. Stock Car) EATON

JUMBO ALLEN

CONTINENTAL DRIVERS and

WORLD 'STAR' ACTS

for MAY and JUNE

### May Fixtures

Sat. 15—WIMBLEDON 8 p.m.  
Sun. 16—IPSWICH 3.30 p.m.  
Mon. 17—OXFORD 7.45 p.m.  
Thurs. 20—ALDERSHOT 8 p.m.  
Fri. 21—NEW CROSS 7.45 p.m.  
Sun. 23—EASTBOURNE 3.30 p.m.  
Tues. 25—READING 7.45 p.m.  
Thurs. 27—ALDERSHOT 8 p.m.  
Fri. 28—YARMOUTH 7.45 p.m.  
Sun. 30—IPSWICH 3.30 p.m.



### June Fixtures

Thurs. 3—ALDERSHOT 8 p.m.  
Fri. 4—YARMOUTH 8 p.m.

Sat. 5—WIMBLEDON GALA NIGHT - BANDS - STARS BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP BANDS PLAYING from 7 p.m.
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Sun. 6—EASTBOURNE 3.30 p.m.  
Mon. 7—IPSWICH 8 p.m.  
Mon. 7—OXFORD 3 p.m.  
Thurs. 10—ALDERSHOT 8 p.m.  
Sun. 13—IPSWICH 3.30 p.m.  
Tues. 15—READING 8 p.m.  
Thurs. 17—ALDERSHOT 8 p.m.  
Fri. 18—NEW CROSS 7.45 p.m.  
Sun. 20—EASTBOURNE 3.30 p.m.  
Thurs. 24—ALDERSHOT 8 p.m.  
Fri. 25—YARMOUTH 7.45 p.m.  
Sun. 27—IPSWICH 3.30 p.m.  
Mon. 28—OXFORD 7.45 p.m.

*Let's go!!*

**SPEDEWORTH  
STOCK CAR RACING**



## A Month of Triumph . . . and Some Shame

SINCE our last issue we have all witnessed the first taste of true International Stock Car Racing in this country. And despite the fact that it was necessary to mix Formula I and Formula II cars to achieve this—and gosh! what a gamble that was—we are proud that our own Formula II lads came out the victors, thus proving our confidence in them and the future of the little 'uns, to which this Journal dedicates itself.

At the time of writing, our first contingent of drivers for the Continental return visit are checking their passports and packing their bags for a meeting at Nijmegen, Holland, and by the time you read these lines we will know whether they have stood up to the test on foreign soil. Les Eaton is travelling to Holland with our lads on this occasion and his article in next month's edition will give supporters and participants in the sport a full account of the meeting promotion-wise and spectator-wise.

Les's article this month kindles in our mind the "first smoke" of the World Final in September, and an indication of the countries which will be participating.

Not quite so distant, the British Championship will be graced by the attendance of the Metropolitan Police Band and other attractions on June 5th—also at Wimbledon.

### "Back Home"

Eleven years to the day since the introduction of Stock Car Racing to this country—at New Cross Stadium—Spedeworth opened this track on Good Friday before an extremely good attendance. Racing proved to be very exciting, for our new patrons there, and I would like to take this opportunity of welcoming the many new readers of "S.C.J." in South-East London, and the favourable comment on our sport from that quarter.

At Yarmouth the same afternoon, stock cars also returned in grand style, and supporters and drivers alike are looking forward to some pleasant seaside week-ends there this season!

One "blot" this month was the incident at Eastbourne on April 25th and I hope I will be forgiven for holding over some of your letters on general points of interest in favour of those pertaining to that incident.

You will, I am sure, agree with me that in accordance with my promise in the first issue, the "Journal" will report the facts, be they distasteful or otherwise.

I sincerely hope that having reported a cross section of the points of view the matter will be cast out of our minds when considering the merits of the drivers concerned in the future—but borne in mind by anyone participating in stock car racing who may consider embarking on a similar "escapade," which apart from being unsportsman-like, is darn right dangerous!

DAVE GAY.

# STOCK CAR journal

third edition

MAY 1965

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# NEWS HAWK

**ARNOLD LEROY**

HELLO again, welcome to our number three edition.

Without doubt, this magazine has come to stay to supply us all with the gen on the sport, and motors in general. I have picked up quite a few tips from various articles that have already appeared; the technical items are most educating to the motor-minded of us.

What a treat Les Eaton lined up for us at Easter. It was the best, most ambitious holiday programme ever attempted. The racing was tip-top, spiced by the inclusion of the Dutch team, who came over at short notice and considering all facts, they put up a remarkable performance.

Speaking of Les (Mr. Stock Car) Eaton, I would like to enlighten you further of this character's background, his outlook on life in general, his fears, his ambitions. When he was in business with a friend, they made a bold decision to buy two new vans to replace the old ones that were continually breaking down. Came the great day that the vans stood outside their North London shop all gleaming and ready to go, without being towed or pushed. Les decided that they should be numbered. "O.K.," said his friend, "Yours will be No. 1 and mine No. 2." "Oh! no, said Les, let's use imagination; yours will be 1002, mine 1001." His friend laughed. "People will think that we are daft," to which Les replied: "Think big, talk big, act big, one day you will be big!"

Whilst at the shop Les had cause to re-lay some concrete in the yard. Just as it was setting he used a poker to scrawl "Les Eaton lived here." At that time he was an unknown—September 18th, 1957. Oh! yes, a character to be sure. Apart from his business excursions, he is an accomplished dancer and drummer, as many of our Aldershot fans will know! He loves the night life, is no stranger to the West End haunts, always in company with his petite wife Mavis, even when visiting the night spots she will

be there with him. He won't move without her, a kind of lucky mascot. They live in a nice house on the outskirts of Alton, Hants, having three children, Susan (14), Roy (10) and Mark (9). Les has his parents living with him, they recently sold out the family business of catering. Now they run the house in order that Mavis can devote more time to assisting Les in running Europe's largest, busiest, stock car outfit.

By the time you are reading this article our lads will have been over to Holland for the return races. I am hoping that the same result will prevail, a win for England. When the Dutch lads were over here they proved to be very friendly indeed, making quite an impression on all who met them. The final scores were England 48 points, Holland 10 points, made up as follows: Aldershot 12-0, New Cross 10-2, Ipswich 8-4, Eastbourne—their only success, 6-6, with a run off which they won. Oxford again we won, in shocking conditions (a snow storm) and that was Easter Monday! Special praise must be made for Roy Wood (82), he tried in vain to get by the big Yanky cars of the Dutch lads, so he decided to spin them! which he did in no uncertain manner. First one then another, and the crowd quickly forgot their discomfort. They cheered, clapped, every "man-jack" on the terraces were right behind Roy. Come what may in the future, Roy's name will be news for months to come.

I am still puzzled by the lads who travelled from stadium to stadium over the Easter weekend. Between whiles they had to do running repairs which would have sank lesser men. Sleep, or lack of sleep, was the big bug-bear, and how they stood up to it puzzled me. I give full marks to each one, some were going around bleary-eyed, almost groping their way. Mechanics, too, showed signs of fatigue. One character by the name of Eric Taylor (41) was



allocated the job of looking after the Dutch team. Not only did he get language troubles, and Stock Car troubles, he got transporter troubles, too! The Dutch team had a huge G.M.C. "Cannon-Ball" effort, which clapped out its motor at Ipswich; a new unit was flown over, only to discover that it had the wrong lugs for the mountings. However, Eric never let the side down. How? I don't know, but I did notice at Wimbledon he ordered a cup of tea and a hot pie, but was sound asleep before they served him! He was whacked out! Spedeworth enjoyed large crowds at all stadiums over the holidays and in spite of heavy rain they had to close the gates at Eastbourne 45 minutes prior to the advertised start time. What the crowds would have been like on a nice day, I fear to think. The local police must have blessed the rain, as it was, our traffic blocked the London road causing a traffic jam three miles long! Those who couldn't get in, couldn't get away either, owing to those at the back not knowing, and therefore not moving. Somehow the police did get things sorted out, but it took them two hours to do so. Then as they took their well earned breather, the meeting closed, causing one hell of a skirmish as the packed car park emptied itself out onto the road! What the police called us is nobody's business. I expect it was anything but "Angels."

Coming back to the Dutch lads, I was amazed that so many drivers and officials were going round saying they hope that the lads from across the Channel would win! Why? Maybe I am not considered a good loser, but seriously, who wants to be? Unfortunately the English have a reputation for being good losers. I do not share their views. I like to admire a winner; I like him better if he has a mean streak running through him, always going out to win, irrespective of opposition, he is the man who will thrill you and get you to come again. I have always stated that we have the men and machines to beat all rivals in this sport. I didn't want the Dutch team to win and am proud that they didn't.

Now folk, as you can guess, I am exceptionally proud of being with Spedeworth Limited. I will always praise them, directors, drivers and officials. I have always had reason to do so as they have given me immense pleasure and thrills galore. The meetings always have that something that makes them tick and glide along as smooth as oiled silk. But, Mr. Stock Car, Easter Monday, at Wimbledon, you had your slip showing. Somehow things were slower, the track officials were almost indifferent, they went about their jobs as though no one was in the stadium! Harsh words, yes, sir, but with reason. Your show was not up to the standard we have come to expect from you. Tyres were left in untidy heaps after the first race; they were left to be chucked about until the fourth race. Then after three requests over the P.A., the steward had to go on the raceway and demand that the tyres be placed on the bends.

As you know, this is *not* Spedeworth! Excuses? Yes, I know that the lads were possibly feeling the strain of so many meetings, seven in four days, which must have meant many miles of travelling in lousy weather, possibly without normal sleep. But, Mr. Stock Car, Wimbledon is without doubt your shop window; don't have it dressed by over-tired men, or men who think "it will do." Let me tell them now it won't! Sorry for the sour grapes, but I think that it is all for the good of the sport to criticise. Fortunately, I have never had to be so unkind before. I hope that the future will never warrant another dressing down.

Up till now, Jan Scott (95), held what I called "the greatest turnover yet," but not any longer. The title has changed hands. Eddie Hines (57) won the "award" at Arlington on Easter Sunday afternoon. I was standing on the top bend, getting covered in dirt (they don't use shale) when Eddie got caught, it was a whopper, he spun crazily in the air six times before smashing to the ground. He had to be assisted and the race stopped. Now he holds two titles "Irish Champion," and the Champion Crasher-upper!

At Aldershot on Thursday, 22nd April, we had our first Production Car casualty! a chappie in a Ford 5-cwt., took the top bend just that little too quickly, and slowly yet gracefully he rolled to rest on his side, leaving quite an area of paint on the raceway! This happened on his warming up lap! Goodness knows what he would have done under the stop watch.

Next month signals the first of the annual championships. Whit-Saturday will be staged the British Championship at the "Mecca" of stock car racing, Wimbledon Stadium.

As you know this will be a sell-out. Those of you requiring dinners for your party, will be well advised to book now! Some people are bound to be disappointed, why make it you? Get on the phone as soon as possible, if you do not require a dinner you still will be advised to be there early in order to get a good position. If you are coming in white clothing and want to stay white, then go inside. If you prefer to get the "atmosphere" of screaming engines, the air filled with fumes, then go outside. I will not be having my usual seat, I am detailed to move amongst you on the terraces, to not only prepare a write-up on the evening's racing, but to interview folk between races, to get their views on the evening's entertainment, their likes and, if possible, their dislikes. I will be sorting out folk on all terraces, the young, the not so young and any old age pensioners. Whoever you are, if you are at Wimbledon, it could well be you who will make July's front cover!

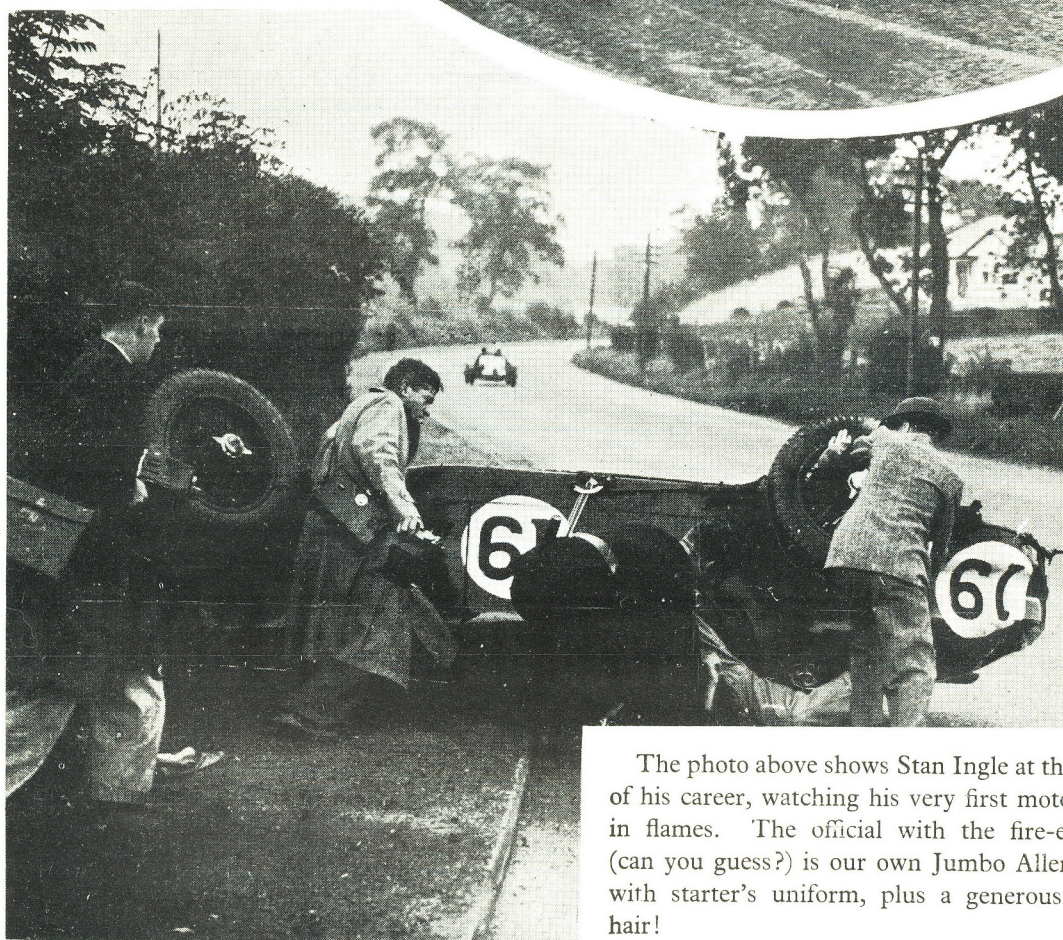
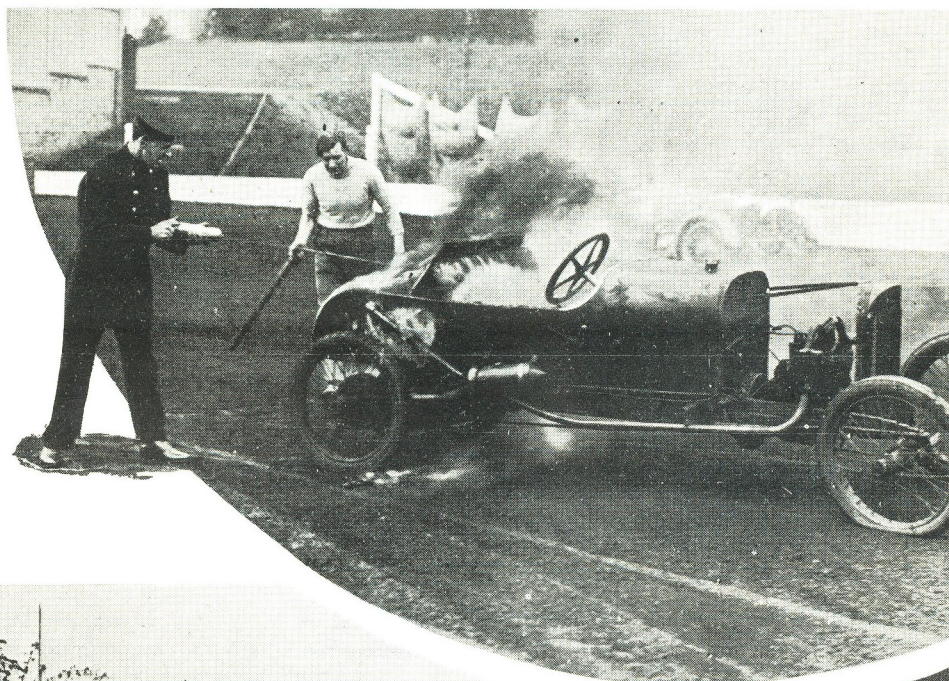
Now folk, look after yourselves, take care on the roads, and enjoy life by coming to our meetings. All for now, keep smiling.

ARNOLD LEROY.





# and Stock Car was created...

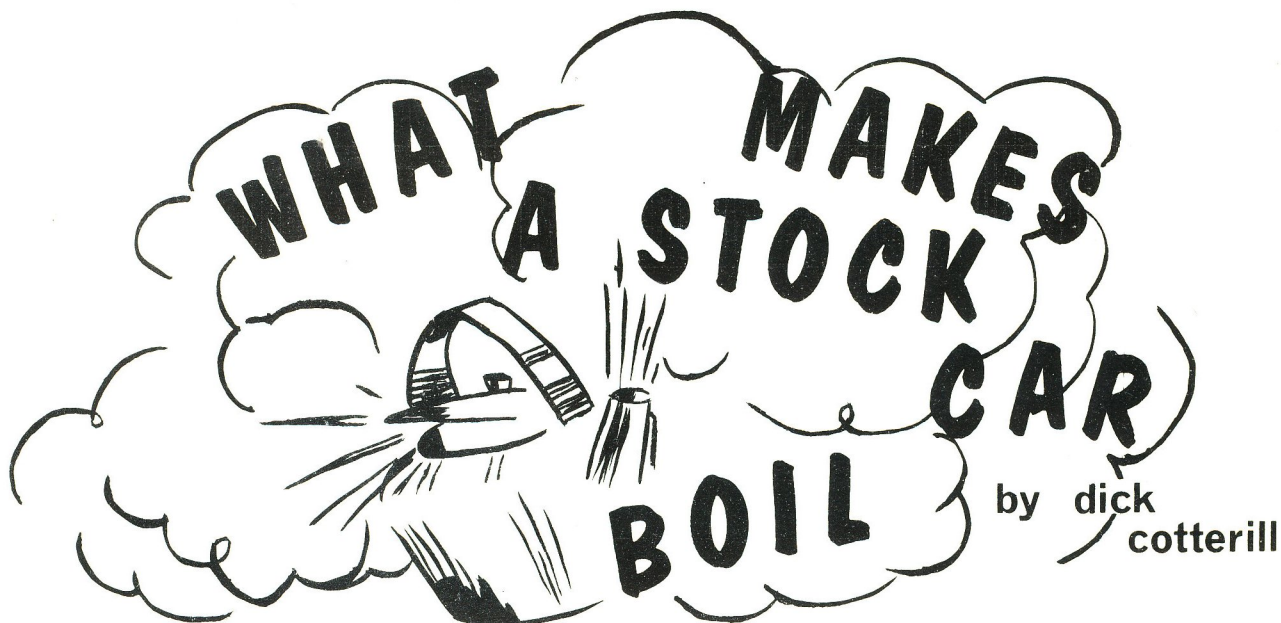


The photo above shows Stan Ingle at the beginning of his career, watching his very first motor going up in flames. The official with the fire-extinguisher (can you guess?) is our own Jumbo Allen, complete with starter's uniform, plus a generous growth of hair!

(This photo was taken at the Crystal Palace dirt track during practice at the beginning of Stock Car Racing in this Country (1934). The sport originated in America and when it came over here was called "Motor Speedway." The names of the driver and official in the picture are, of course, unknown.

DAVE HUNT.





We often see a stock car pull onto the centre green or to the outside of the track, steam pouring from all places. We know the obvious is shortage of water, but you know it is rarely just lack of water that is the cause. I understand the other week from Eric Taylor that this *was* so in his instance, his bonnet had knocked the drain tap on. Quite a number of drivers fit reconditioned radiators often much larger, as we can see by the bonnet lines. We expect them to get hot with the revs, a stock car engine develops on the track, but I think that drivers are inclined to forget that an engine soon overheats on the starting line. We know oil must be warmed for full lubrication of any engine if it races, or in our ordinary road car. But whereas our car is cooled by its road speed and low engine revs., a stock car has to have an highly-efficient cooling system.

If an engine has a high viscosity oil or Castrol "R," it would help them if they warmed up an hour before racing. This would then give the water a chance to cool down, leaving the oil sufficiently warm for racing. There is no doubt a water pump as fitted to the export model Ford is a great help in cooling, as the Ford E.93A relies on the thermosiphon system that is rather poor for the high-revving engines stock car engines are tuned to. And of course, some have no room for the normal fan on the dynamo with the low radiators some lads use. As we have all probably seen on one car or another, the cowlings assists the fan in drawing cool air through the rad., or the fan is in close proximity to the rad. Also the fan must be allowed room behind it or again some sort of a dust duct to get the hot air away, otherwise a barrier is formed making stagnation and giving rise to overheating.

There is no doubt fuel plays an important part in the thermal efficiency of an engine. The wrong fuel carburation will soon overheat an engine running at full revs, making it boil, and would also melt the pistons. I have seen some drivers mixing their own fuel at a track, and often wonder to what formula they are working. This type of fuel is mixture of methanol petrol and benzine used in motor racing for its cooling properties until the ordinary pump fuel had to be used. For a number of years this could be bought from the petrol companies in a

number of formulas to suit the type of tuning you were able to get from your engine.

This, I may add, for those thinking of trying it: "Don't!" Unless you are prepared to drain off after each meeting, otherwise the methanol will congeal in the tank, fuel lines, pump and carb, necessitating a large amount of work to clear it. It also goes stale in a week or two.

As I stated earlier in this article, fuel starvation will cause overheating. I have had trouble with an engine after being down near the coast on a nice day and the next week racing in a different atmosphere melting a piston on the first lap.

Having a good look around at Aubrey (Foxy) Dance's new car, I saw he had fitted an electric fan, but we are all sorry to see his car boiling and bursting hoses as fast as he can replace them. Let us hope that we can help him overcome his troubles and see him winning again with such a well-prepared car to assist him.

#### **Suppressors, Please**

Taking us away from our boiling troubles it is nice to see so many stock cars fitted with suppressors. We know they should all have them, but this seems to be the first thing drivers throw away when their cars miss or otherwise play up. Don't forget we must all make sure we have our cars fitted with suppressors and not spoil other people's enjoyment as we come and go from our own entertainment.

Seeing the Dutch cars on our raceways, incidentally did you see either of them boil? No, I don't think we did. But of course, these large engines do not develop high revs., and as far as I could see they were all in standard trim. Certainly these motors have fantastic power, but our lads gave them something to think about. To see these large cars struggling round it is no wonder people are coming miles to see our cars perform—sometimes 35 in a race with all their speed and grace.

Before I close I would like to reply to Harry Barnes' few words in last month's "Journal." Yes, Harry, there is no doubt once we have tasted this wonderful sport it is hard to find a replacement with the wonderful climax built up at each meeting to the go-getting finalists.

DICK COTTERILL.





From the back of the pack,  
to the front of the track,  
Like hounds after their prey,  
For our little fox on this day  
is far from being caught,  
A lesson to the other is being taught,  
The British Champion Crown is just one  
of the many other races he has won,  
The name we do not mention by chance,  
For we refer to Aubrey Foxy Dance.

First of all I must explain the "poem" above, but I am afraid the person who wrote it does go on like this very often. Still without too many blushes we say to our Chairman (The Poet) not bad, carry on this way and I'm sure someone will notice you one day.

By now you will have noticed the new Foxy Car. I first saw it at Eastbourne, April 4th and found it going very well, although I understand the cooling system has been causing a bit of an headache, but I am sure Aubrey will soon overcome this. If the car carries on handling like it has done, then I am sure we will see Aubrey winning the British Championship again, and also the World Championship this year.

This is now the third edition of our own "Stock Car Journal." It has been made very welcome by all the Formula II fans, and my colleagues and I wish it all the success it really deserves, and well done to all the Spedeworth organisers.

To all our members we say "Thank you all for joining with us," and to those fans of Aubrey's, and we know there are more who would like to join with us; please do not keep putting off writing; we shall be pleased to hear from you, and will only be too pleased to have you join with us to help support the Greatest Stock Car Driver, "Aubrey Foxy Dance." Please send an S.A.E. for details to Miss Diane Burton, 88 Elm Crescent, Clare Park Estate, East Malling, nr. Maidstone, Kent.

## THE MARCH OF TIME

As nearly all the Spedeworth Officials have intimated recently, the time is not far distant when drivers will be racing under a new formula.

The reason for this coming change can be summed up in one word—PROGRESS—the two factors to be taken into account in fixing the precise limits of the formula are almost certain to be engine size and the latest year of production of the cars finally decided upon.

The cars seen on the raceways however, although looking neater and more up-to-date, will still provide the spectators with all the thrills and spills that they have come to expect from the present formula. Indeed, the overall standard will almost certainly improve. It is possible that the Control Board will decide to allow cars of a certain age, so that each year, models new to the raceways will be seen. As Jumbo Allen said, writing in the first edition of this journal, patrons will enjoy seeing the same models that they themselves drive on the roads, being put through their paces on the track, albeit a little more ruggedly.

The old situation where the old pre '48 Ford spares were both plentiful and cheap, has long since faded, and the newer cars should not bring with them any problems which could make costs etc., prohibitive.

The regular followers of the sport will by now have seen the car built by Jack Taylor, and raced on his experimental licence. I can add nothing to what you will have already been told about this car by Jumbo Allen and others. Mixing with my friends in the pits, however, I can state that I have so far not heard any complaints with reference to a change of formula, but it is perhaps understandable that many will prefer to sit on the fence a little before going on with building themselves. Once they have something solid to go on however, you will I am sure, witness some speeding action. After all, it is inevitable that there is a feeling of uncertainty at present, which is not good, and this should be disposed of at the earliest opportunity.

I think it would be in everybody's interest if a date could be given now for the change over. Even if it did not become effective until the start of the next season.

Meanwhile, the greatest possible encouragement should be given to Jack Taylor and others who might wish to build an experimental car.

HARRY BARNES.





# points of interest

THERE are some drivers, and I am one of them, who rate their chances of becoming a Red Top about equal to Les Eaton's chances of being made Bishop of London. However, this will not stop them from trying to reach these dizzy heights. On the other hand, some drivers are full of confidence in their ability to dethrone one of the select band who start at the back of the grid. One such man is Eric Taylor, that old favourite who, owing to enforced absence from the raceways last season, or at least for the best part of it, had to suffer the indignity of returning to the track as a white top.

In no time at all, Eric had reached blue grade, but unfortunately the season came to an end too soon for him to get right to the top. Now, nothing will satisfy Eric until he has proved to all and sundry that he is top dog.

They say that providing you have confidence in yourself, you're half way home, and I've never met anyone with more confidence than Eric. Not even Eddie James' spectacular performance at the opening meeting at Aldershot deters him. After speaking to him recently, I made up my mind not to get in his way too often on the track, so vehement was he that he'd reach the top by "fair means or foul." One remark he passed, set me thinking. "Some of these jokers think I'm past it" he said. "Well, I'll show

'em I've still got a few tricks left." Now, as you may know, Eric has been doing a lot of work around the tracks recently, fixing safety fences, etc. I only hope his enthusiasm hasn't run away with him. If he's been fixing booby traps around the fences, I'm likely to be the one to suffer. After all nobody clouts the perishing things more than I do.

It's nice to see Johnny Grainger back in harness once more. He doesn't know it, but his was the first stocky I saw close up. It was parked in a garage at Hawley when I called in for petrol one day. I just couldn't make out what the weird contraption was used for. I eventually decided it must be some form of agricultural machine. It was after someone at the garage explained it's use that I decided to attend a meeting and see for myself. Now look at me! I'm a hopeless case. Thanks Johnny.

Jack Taylor is steadily ironing out the wrinkles in his experimental car. The work he is doing now is going to benefit every driver on the raceways in the near future. If he chose, he could be earning prize money with the present formula. I know I'm not alone in wishing him every success.

Peter Burns (49), does not race as often as he would like these days, owing to his business commitments, and so it is understandable that he was eagerly awaiting his copy of the first edition of this journal. When the package arrived, the wrapper was separate from the mag., and a covering note from the G.P.O. explained that "unfortunately, the magazine had been insecurely fastened, and the P.M.G. hoped that the correct contents had been delivered." In actual fact Peter found himself the possessor of the March edition of "Continental Nudes." I haven't heard Peter complain, but I don't know what the recipient of the Stock Car Journal thinks about it all.

HARRY BARNES.

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## WORLD FINAL PLANS

Plans are in hand for the World Final at Wimbledon Stadium in September. It is proposed that this year there will be four quarter finals, two semi-finals and the final, with entries from Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Ireland, France, South Africa and (perhaps) England!

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## CHEAPER INSURANCE?

Les Eaton has started negotiations with an insurance company for a bulk insurance for all stock car drivers' transporters and private cars. It is hoped that a driver will be able to add his vehicle to the major policy for something in the region of £5 per annum.

## FILM COMPANY AT WIMBLEDON

A motor sport film now being made will be partially filmed at the British Championship meeting at Wimbledon Stadium on June 5th. Included in the programme are many highlights, including the Metropolitan Police Band playing on the centre green from 7 p.m.





# Personality

## page

Spotlighting  
the  
Stars

ONE of the first of these series must, by reason of his Gold Roof, be Eddie James (210). One of the hardest drivers on our raceways, he has the right temperament for this rough and tough sport. He is married, and has a beautiful and charming wife by the name of Veronica. They are an ideal couple, two folk who are welcome to my home any time they care to call. I will be very proud to play host to them. He is still very young, only 22 years old, yet this is his fifth season as a stock car driver. With all that experience and youth still on his side, the future certainly looks bright for our World Champ.

He told me that he was first interested in motor cycle scrambling, then a friend of his took him to Aldershot, and that was it! from then on he has had only one other sport, and that is shooting rabbit, pheasant, etc., he is lucky in that he lives in Mayford near Woking, an area well known for its wild life.

Only one other member of his family is in the Stock Car World, a brother-in-law by the name of Les Gunner (60). Eddie's car is built and maintained by himself, assisted by his brother, David and another brother-in-law, and a first class job they make of it, too. If ever you are in the Woking

area, watch out for the World Champ, as he is a Bulldozer Contractor by profession and concentrates on the Woking Area.

His biggest thrill was, of course, winning the World Championship at Wimbledon, September, 1964. Remember the race?—he played a cute waiting game with Foxy Dance (70) who was the hottest favourite of all time, yet Eddie discounted all the Big Race ballyhoo, and raced his own race; it paid off handsomely. I write now as I wrote then: "He fears no driver or reputation, the longer the race, the better his chances." He is one of the few successful drivers never to have been booked for an infringement; if they were all as rule-conscious as Eddie I could easily be disposed of.

His biggest ambition is to retain his Title in September in doing so he will be the first to achieve a double on the trot, in fact since the competition started, no one has held it twice, let alone on the trot. I personally think that he will do so; time, experience and temperament, all point to Eddie.

He sees Brian Edwards (243) and Chris Studd (399) as big potential, both, he thinks will make the grade of star men. If asked to pick 8 men to form a team he would pick, and in this order, Tony Maidment (17), Don Mason (34), Stan Ingle (2), Dave Pierce (320), Norman Crowe (307), Trevor Carpenter (35), Chriss Studd (399) and Foxy Dance (70). Sounds a very formidable team to me, a well balanced team of youth, blended with experience. (Take a note all stock car), one that would aim any event it entered.

He is modest, unassuming, yet fearless! not big-headed or talkative, honestly states that no one gives him the feeling of being beaten before the race starts; he always goes out to win and usually does.

Summing up Eddie, he is the kind of chap you would be pleased to call a pal, he is in fact, a damned nice fellow. I wish him every success, and to him and Veronica a long and happy life.

JACK HOLT.  
*Board of Control Steward.*





**BOB PERRY, 217 BOTESDALE, NORFOLK.**

At last, after many requests (and threats) from so many of you, here is the driver that most of you seem to want to know about.

Aged eighteen years, he is one of our youngest star drivers, and has held his red roof for the last twenty months. He started his stock car days at the tender age of fifteen, although he has been driving cars around his father's fields since he was eleven years old.

Smoking and drinking are two of his necessary evils, but he makes up for this by not going with girls, so surely there is at least one nice girl who could increase his list of vices?

Poor Bob!

He drives a Y-type Ford, and always starts a season with a brand new motor.

His full-time job is in the transport business of which he is in partnership with his father, so he has no problems about transporting his stocker.

Bob is one of our quietest drivers, never one to push himself to the fore, except on the raceway. In fact he is quite the opposite, always hiding in the background somewhere, which makes him one of the hardest drivers to find in the pits.

When I began to ask him certain personal questions in connection with this write-up, he immediately wanted to know if it had anything to do with the "mag," and I assured him it wasn't, so I hope when he reads this he won't get too mad at me for disclosing his "secrets."

His greatest personal achievement up to date, is the time he won the "Norwich Stakes" in his first season of driving, and he beat such stars as Stan Ingle and Jan Scott, which was quite a feat at that stage.

Having won two trophy events and six cups so far, Bob is hoping to double the amount this coming season, which wouldn't surprise me, though he takes a bump in the new grading this month.

Bob has visited all the Spedeworth stadiums, and in Scotland represented England at the White City, Glasgow.

He is also hoping to visit the Continent sometime during the season.

Talking to him at Ipswich, I asked him what his greatest ambition was, and after some thought he said he had two. One was to be another Stan Ingle (some ambition) and the other was to meet "Arnold Leroy" (our Secret Agent 007, who writes such splendid articles in our magazine) in person on the track. I then became very interested and asked him why he would like this, and he replied that if he could meet him on the track he would immediately challenge him to a match race. (In Arnold Leroy's last column he said that we could do with more drivers, so how about it? Arnold, could you be the next INGLE? If you, the public, would like to see this match race take place, how about sending me a line and giving me your views.)

One other ambition is to own an Aston Martin car, and his father has promised him that if he wins the World Championship he would buy him one; so with a promise like that behind him, I think we had better watch out for 217 this year.

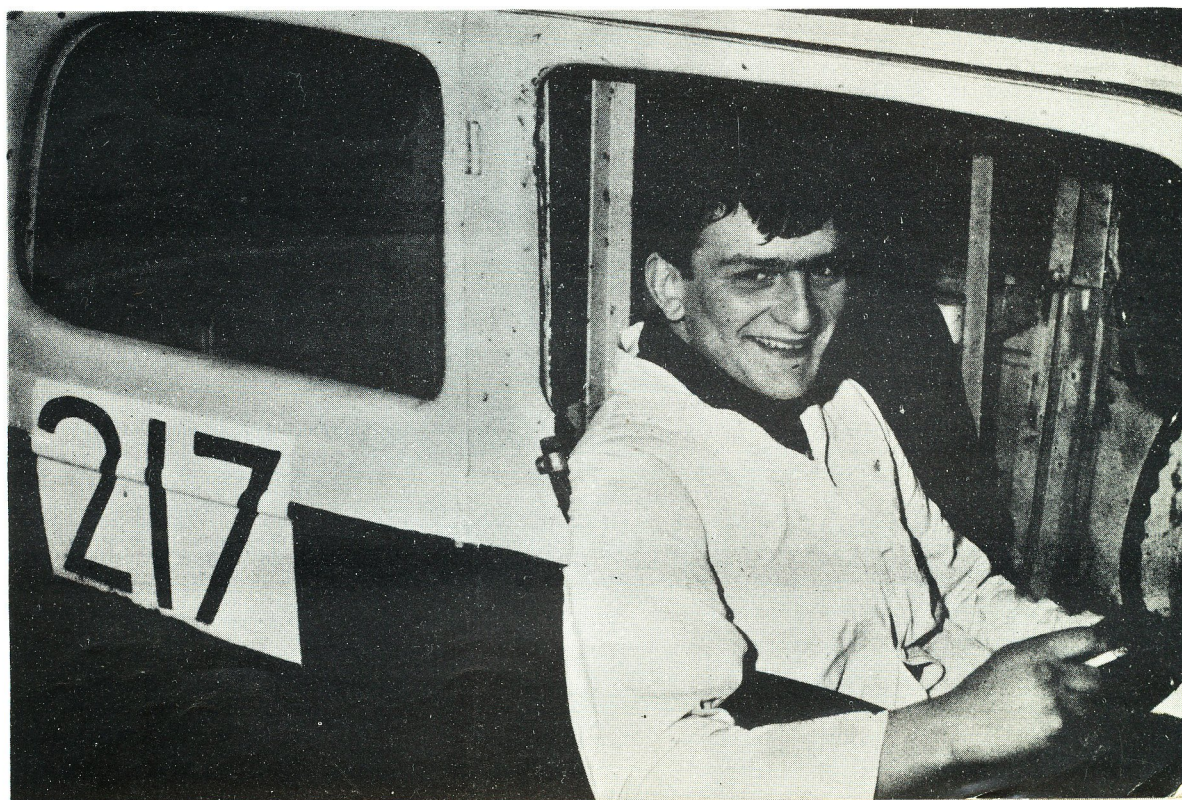
Bob's whole family backs him to the very last, which is a great help to any driver. His father is mechanic "transporter" and financier all in one, so wherever you see Bob you are sure to see "Pop."

He also has a cousin who races, Arthur Perry (219).

Oxford is Bob's favourite track, so all of you who go to Oxford, watch out for the flying BOB PERRY.

See you in the bar.

**DAVE HUNT.**





## STEWARD'S NOTES (REVISED)

NEWCOMERS to the sport may find these notes helpful when trying to understand what it is all about!

### STOCK CAR DRIVER

A stock car driver is a man who will acquire an old banger, take it to bits, then build it up again so that it looks even more atrocious than it did before. He will spend hour upon hour tuning it, strengthening it, and painting it. Then he will take it on the track and spend about five minutes wrecking it. He delights in defying the laws of gravity, and though he puts wheel on his car, he never lets them touch the ground if he can help it. He will lend a hand to any similarly afflicted person off the track, then go all out to bring disaster to him on it. He will race round and round an oval track doing his level best to break his neck and finish up—if he is lucky—exactly where he started.

### STARTING MARSHAL

This official drives round the track in front of the drivers, doing the same job as the man with the red flag at a bull fight. When he's got the drivers suitably angry, he leaves the track while they knock hell out of each other. He also taunts them from the sidelines if he thinks their efforts are lacking fire.

### GATE FOREMAN

Once the drivers have been enticed onto the track, this man is responsible for locking the fence gate to ensure that the scared ones are unable to run away.

### SCRUTINEER

He is the man that "certifies" the drivers. Only those who in his opinion are big enough "nut cases" are allowed to race.

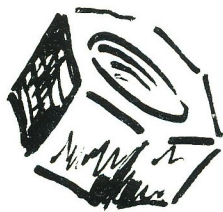
### LAP SCORER

Always a vivacious female. Her job, as the name implies, is to sit on the promoters lap and help him count the "lolly."

### COMMENTATOR

This is the man who as to invent excuses for all that is happening, so as to encourage the spectators to come again.

Harry Barnes.



## MY STOCK CARS NEVER GROW OLD

IN last month's Journal, Dick Cotterall wrote a very interesting article entitled "What is the life of a Stock Car?" Now, what Dick said may be quite true with most stockies, but he never made any remarks about the way the cars were driven, and how some drivers seem to punish their cars more than others.

Some drivers manage to steer their cars out of trouble week after week, but there are those amongst us who are less fortunate, and run into trouble almost every time they race. Of course, you know by now that I belong to this select band. Some drivers seem to be able to enter or leave a bend from any conceivable angle without any slackening of speed. Others, like myself, get caught up in the backwash, and find ourselves going through the most hair-raising manoeuvres.

I would like to take this opportunity of informing other drivers that I now know enough to wreck my car without their assistance, and I would be glad if those drivers with bad eyesight refrained from trying to drive their cars straight through mine. After all it's big enough for anyone to see, and the holes you leave in the bodywork let the draught in something shocking.

I would like to list some of the things that happen to me, that don't seem to occur to other drivers.

Loose sets of tyres leap towards me with the instincts of homing pigeons.

Just as I am about to drive past them, uprights move right into my path.

The safety fence seems to have a fatal attraction for any stocky I drive.

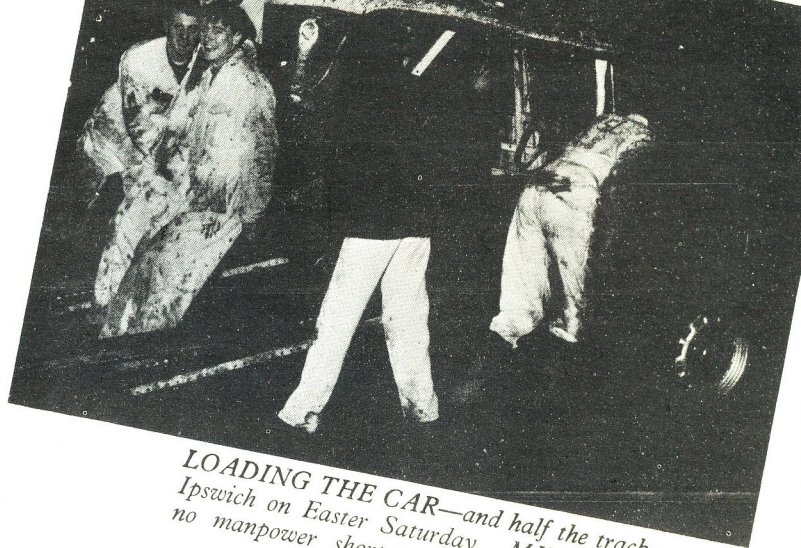
Dick also tells us that Roy Wood's stocky has lasted him three seasons so far. With me it's different. A season lasts me about three cars, always providing, of course, that I don't push my luck too far. I've lost count of the times I've written off a car, only to get it going again with the help of a chain or two, or the odd nut and bolt. Each time this happens of course, the car gets a little less steady on it's pins, until in the end the ruddy thing collapses about my ears. The trouble is that I just can't tear myself away from racing long enough to build the car to end all cars. Stock Car Racing gets you like this, so that you'd sooner take your chance with a hopeless old wreck than miss a few weeks racing while you rebuild. At least that's how it is with me.

HARRY BARNES.





# EASTER PARADE



LOADING THE CAR—and half the track—at Ipswich on Easter Saturday. MIKE WINTER has no manpower shortage.

—Photos by R. Halls, Ipswich.



BOB HALES (8) tries to find the wheel nuts after a mud bath—and a “flat”—at Ipswich on Easter Saturday.

Photo by R. Halls, Ipswich.



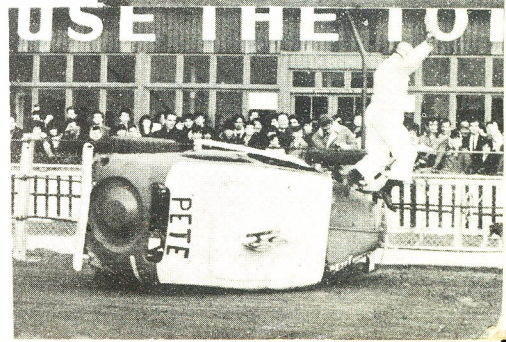
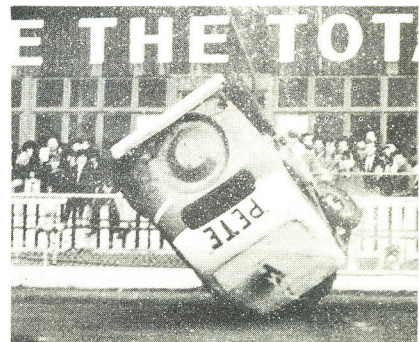
EASTER SATURDAY in pouring rain at Ipswich—but “Henry’s” hot dogs were still in great demand.

—Photo by R. HALLS, Ipswich.



“JACK, SIR?”

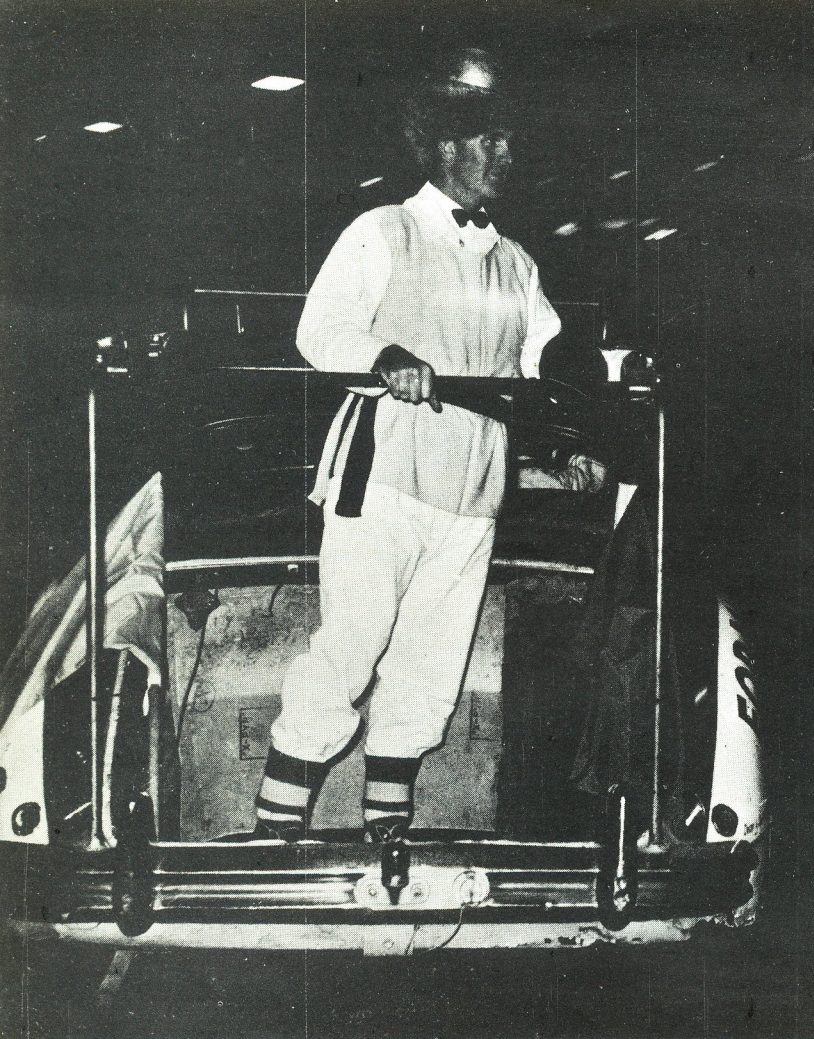
—Photo by E. Setchell, Reading.



“OVER AND OUT . . .” Pete Christie is an early casualty at Oxford on Easter Monday.

Photo by E. Setchell, Reading.





*JUMBO ALLEN (with hair donated by one of his fans) at Wimbledon last year.*



*NOT QUITE "TOP OF THE POPS," but Derek Sticking (463) has made the blue roof grade this month!*

### ROOF CLIMBING — TOO TAME

EX DRIVER Rex Warwick, the chap who found T.V. aerial erecting too tame, although he had several times fallen from roof tops, decided to try his hand at Stock Car racing.

No doubt about it, he took to it like a duck takes to water and was soon pulling off some respectable wins, usually with pieces falling from his car on every lap! Devil may care, a real likeable personality, ready for a joke or a dare—as he proved one evening at Reading when someone jokingly asked him if he was going to “flip” in the next heat. “Bet me a fag,” says Rex, and tell me where you want it.” The bet was sealed and sure enough the car flipped on its roof at the pre-determined spot. Rex wouldn’t take the fag—“I don’t like filter tips!”

Rex is now going great guns as a works driver for the manufacturer’s of the Barlotti go-karts, and has lapped the Oulton Park circuit at 80-odd miles per hour—and only 6 inches off the ground at that—but then, as he says: “it’s not far to fall!”







## PERSPECTIVE by les eaton

END of April and already some 20 meetings under our belt.

How have things planned out so far? I thought you may be interested in a review of the past racing and problems with myself, but please don't let me attempt to lumber you with my worries. Far from it. You lads and gals pay me to do the worrying, and believe me that's what I intend to do.

However, why not let us all close our eyes for a moment and cast our minds back over the past five weeks and pick out the highlights.

Number one must surely be the drivers from Holland—the first time this has ever been attempted. When I was invited to Holland and the Continental drivers' meeting, I thought it would be a wonderful thing if I could get some drivers to England for racing at all the stadiums. This I mentioned to the drivers and before I knew where I was, I was snowed under with requests to drive in England.

My first intention was to supply them with cars when they arrived here, but I know from past experience that the British are not easily fooled and that Mr. John Public would then think that I had arranged with Mr. Smith around the corner to be called Van de Wal and race under Dutch colours.

So it had to be all or nothing. Drivers coming to England had to bring cars. This of course was a major problem in many ways. Firstly the great cost involved which I was able to get over by making their visit at Easter week-end, when the drivers could appear at many tracks and so distribute the cost over a number of meetings. Next problem involved was that there are no Formula II cars in Holland, so it had to be Formula I cars. As many of you will know, we have no interest normally in Formula I cars, they are too big to transport comfortably, too expensive to build and maintain, and most of all do too much track damage. They are not the spectacle that Formula II cars are. We were, therefore, faced with no choice, we were compelled to take what was available.

Needless to say, once we had finally got drivers and cars to Aldershot (after a 10-hour trip from Dover) came the problem of keeping them happy, fed and available at meetings. It was impossible for me to attend to this with seven meetings in five days, so Eric Taylor and wife Olive volunteered to do the impossible. I might add that without their help it would have been impossible to have arranged

the programme as I did. Their help was wonderful. Thank you, Olive and Eric.

Aldershot Stadium on the Thursday prior to Good Friday was the first appearance of the Holland drivers and the biggest of my worries. I had arranged one race of Holland stars, one race of English stars and then one race mixed—Formula Is and Formula IIs. By 7.30 on the Thursday I was sick with worry that a nasty accident would occur from the mixed Formulas.

This was magnified at 7.45 p.m. when Jumbo Allen came to see me in the office and informed me that he was "having trouble" with our own drivers. Having seen the size of the Dutch cars, our boys had "butterflies." Now, of course, I was a real bag of nerves.

However, I had got this far and it had to be tried. You know the results; you know whether I wasted my time or gave you enjoyment and entertainment. I sincerely hope it was the latter at least.

### That Pie Wagon

For the remainder of the five weeks, to briefly summarise, I would say I am very pleased by the racing, but the condition of some of the cars are disgusting for early-season turnout. Walter's "Pie Wagon," someone else's "Dust Cart," the shape of that 468? Ugh! And I mention only a few. The blame for the appearance on the track of such "sights" must squarely be laid in the lap of the steward, scrutineers or starting marshal, all of which apparently are wishing themselves a quiet life.

If they continue this trend of deterioration we shall all have a quiet life . . . AT HOME.

The final highlight, if such is the correct term, is the Stan Ingle affair at Eastbourne. I am ashamed to think that a driver of ours would indulge in the lowest of all stock car practices—fencing.

However, it is the wish of the Control Board that a public warning be given. I do not personally agree with this decision, but I do agree with the way the decision was made . . . by a Control Board.

All I can add is that the punishment was light because stock car racing owes much to Stan Ingle for his past efforts.

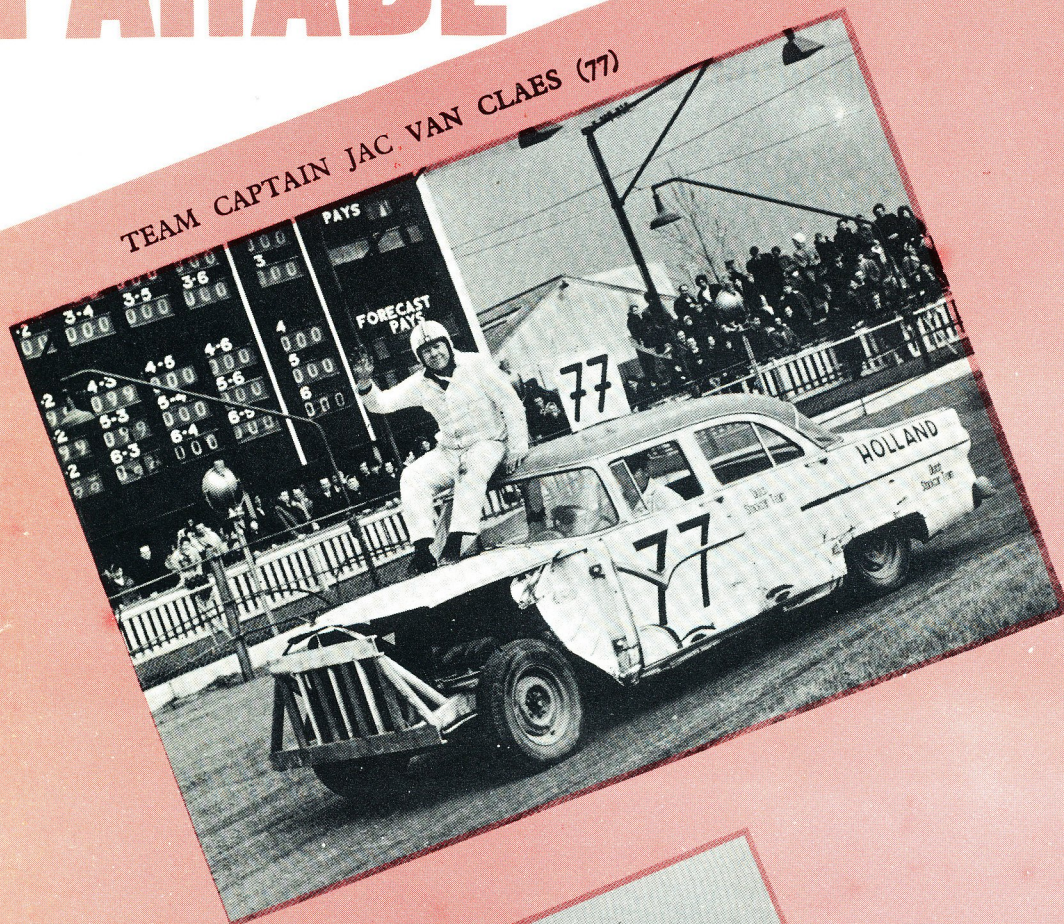
**Now, Stan Ingle, we're even. From now on you are on your own, starting from scratch.**

LES EATON.



# INTERNATIONAL PARADE

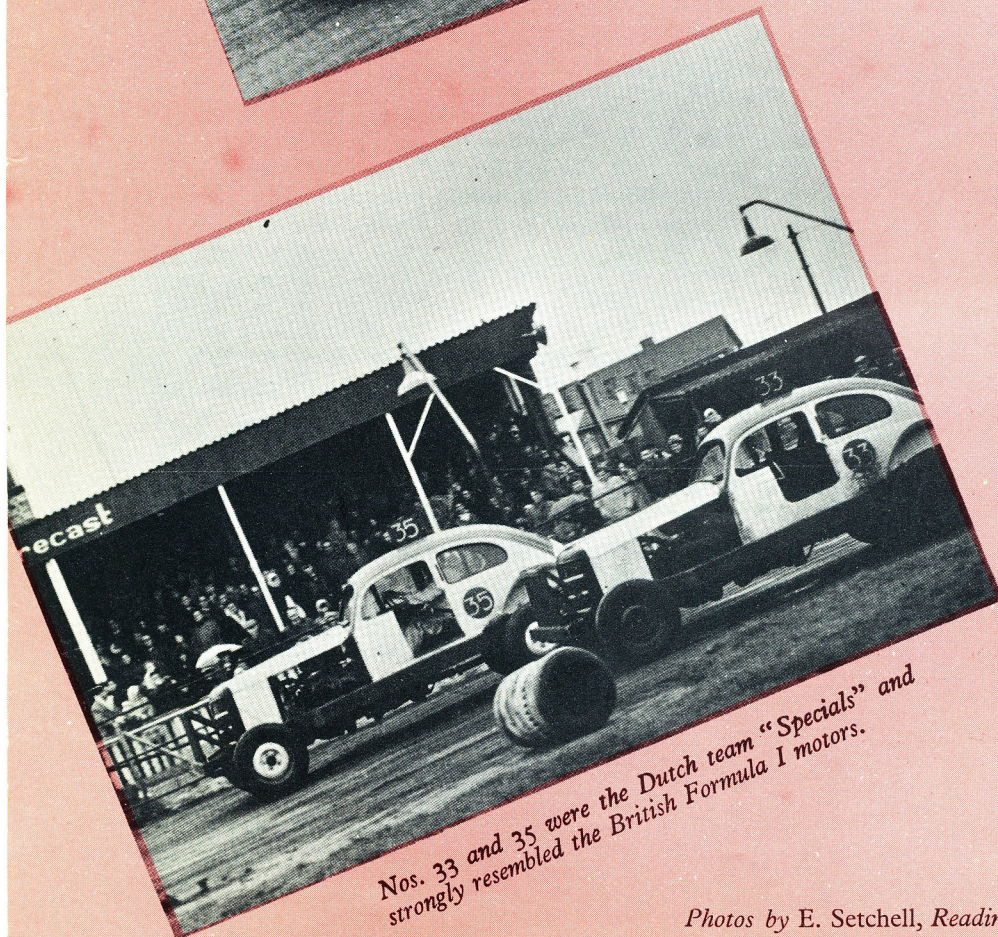
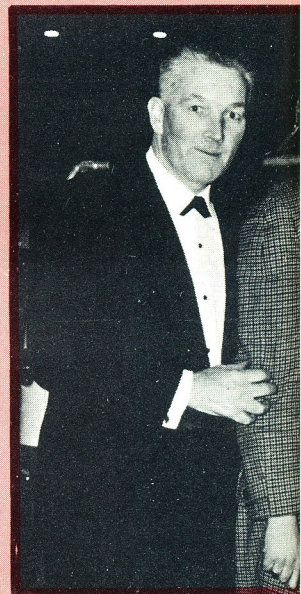
CHEEKY "KINKY"  
SPIN THE DUTCH



TEAM CAPTAIN JAC VAN CLAES (77)

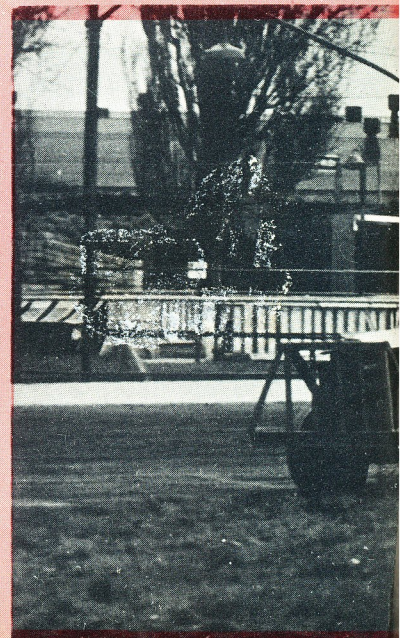


BRIAN JONES (290) rec  
Mr. and Mrs. Jac Van Cl  
Mrs. Van Claes, at Wimble



Nos. 33 and 35 were the Dutch team "Specials" and strongly resembled the British Formula 1 motors.

Photos by E. Setchell, Reading.

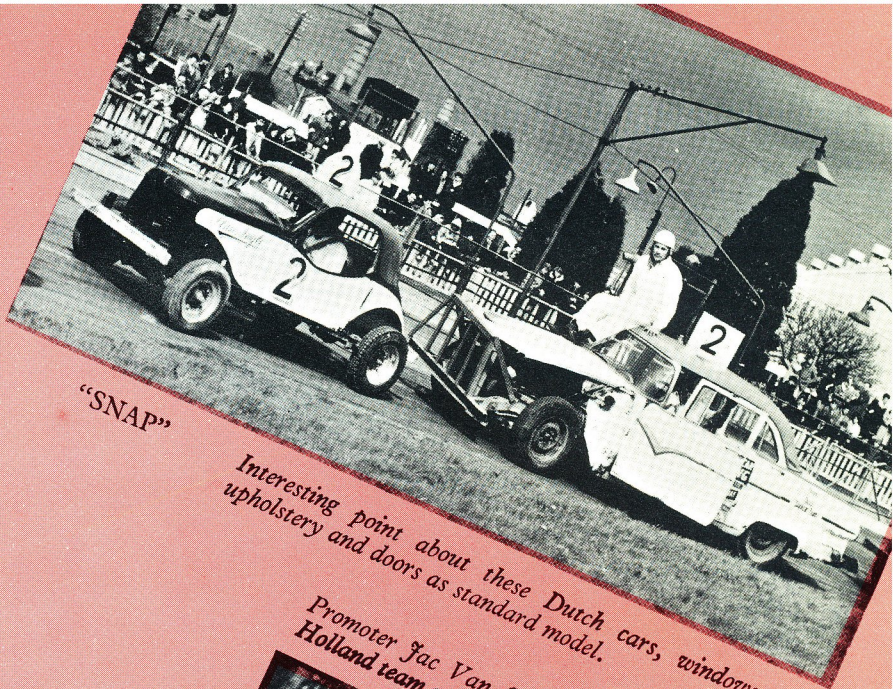




# WOOD (82) DARES TO AR AT OXFORD



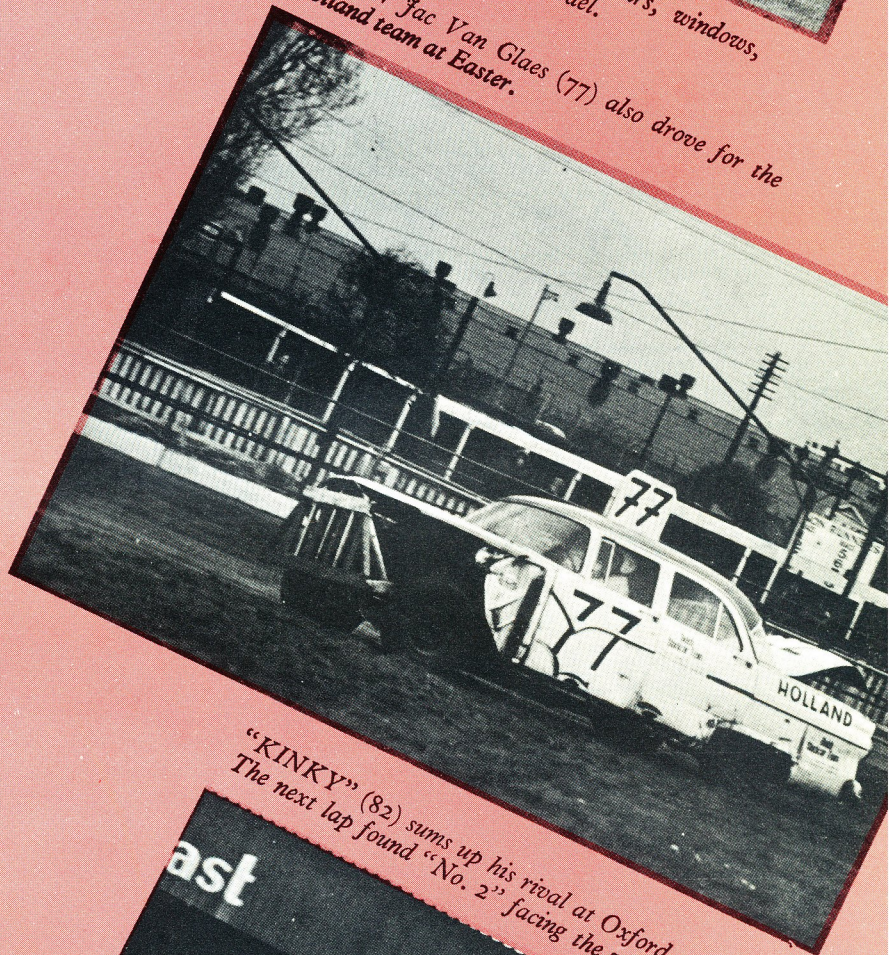
ing the trophy given by  
s, and presented by  
on on Easter Monday



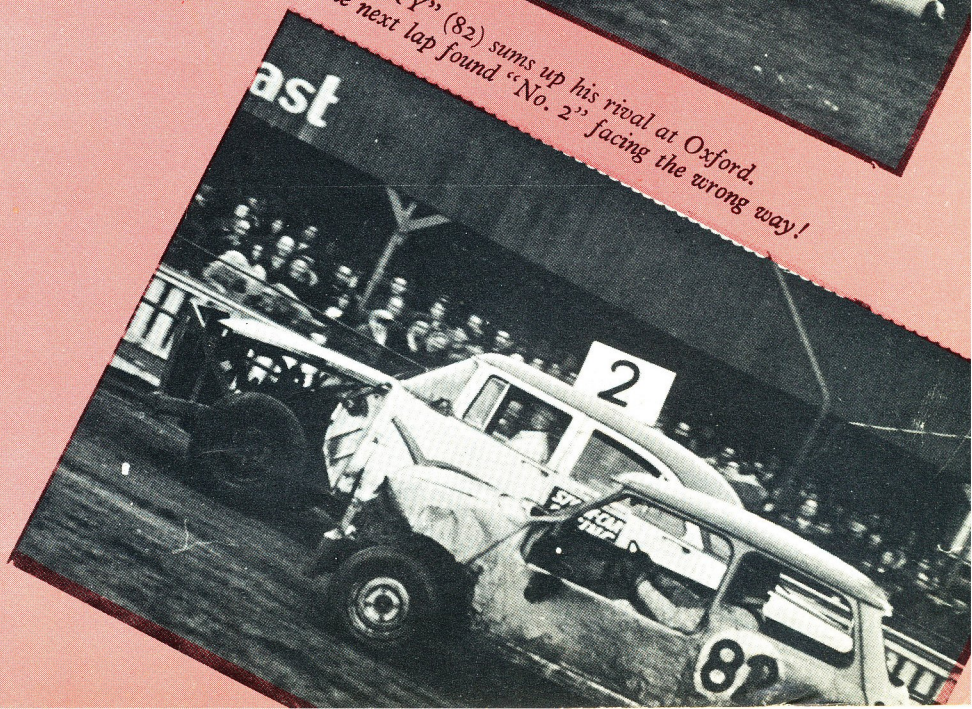
"SNAP"

Interesting point about these Dutch cars, windows,  
upholstery and doors as standard model.

Promoter Jac Van Glaes (77) also drove for the  
Holland team at Easter.

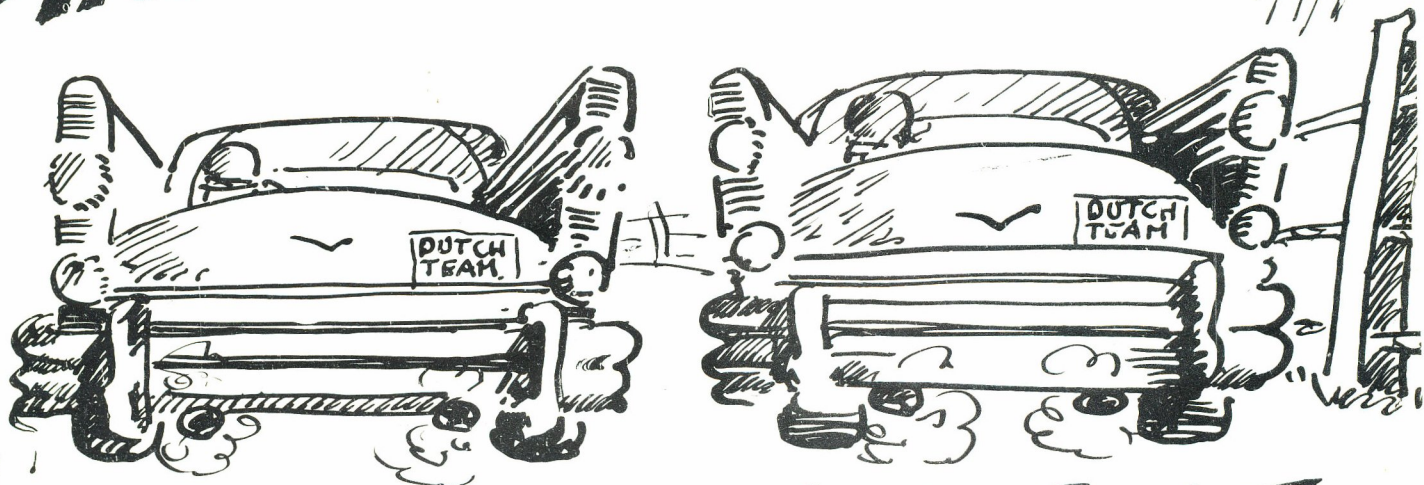


"KINKY" (82) sums up his rival at Oxford.  
The next lap found "No. 2" facing the wrong way!





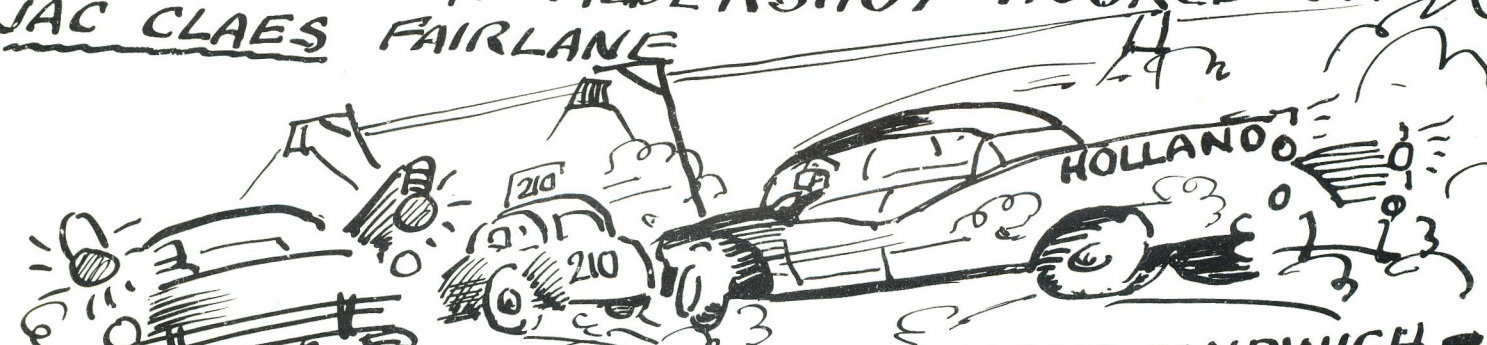
# Shades of Drake



## Formula II Views of the Dutch Team AT THE **START**



DON MASON CADGING A LIFT ON THE BACK STRAIGHT AT ALDERSHOT HOOKED ON JAC CLAES FAIRLANE



NEARLY A MEAT SANDWICH -  
EDDIE JAMES ALMOST THE FILLING



AIRBORNE HICKS AT EASTBOURNE

## AT THE **FINISH**

F. RANK



PERIOD ENDING 24th MAY, 1965

ROOF COLOURS TO BE EFFECTIVE  
FROM MAY 6th, 1965

# National Roof Gradings

## RED ROOFS

Car No.	Pts.	Car No.	Pts.	Car No.	Pts.
2 .. .. .	113	86 .. .. .	81	280 .. .. .	53
35 .. .. .	103	304 .. .. .	79	307 .. .. .	52
320 .. .. .	89	319 .. .. .	71	95 .. .. .	45
34 .. .. .	88	399 .. .. .	67	267 .. .. .	45
17 .. .. .	86	140 .. .. .	61	82 .. .. .	44
210 .. .. .	84	335 .. .. .	55	290 .. .. .	43

## BLUE ROOFS

Car No.	Pts.	Car No.	Pts.	Car No.	Pts.
70 .. .. .	40	492 .. .. .	23	468 .. .. .	18
57 .. .. .	36	180 .. .. .	22	324 .. .. .	17
243 .. .. .	36	182 .. .. .	22	406 .. .. .	17
217 .. .. .	35	281 .. .. .	22	174 .. .. .	16
269 .. .. .	32	202 .. .. .	21	306 .. .. .	16
417 .. .. .	29	252 .. .. .	21	342 .. .. .	16
152 .. .. .	27	463 .. .. .	21	106 .. .. .	15
316 .. .. .	25	27 .. .. .	20	141 .. .. .	15
264 .. .. .	24	18 .. .. .	19	176 .. .. .	15
454 .. .. .	24	247 .. .. .	19	295 .. .. .	15
400 .. .. .	23	41 .. .. .	18	299 .. .. .	15
				364 .. .. .	15

## YELLOW ROOFS

Car No.	Pts.	Car No.	Pts.	Car No.	Pts.
337 .. .. .	14	395 .. .. .	9	10 .. .. .	5
12 .. .. .	13	23 .. .. .	8	160 .. .. .	5
474 .. .. .	13	55 .. .. .	8	209 .. .. .	5
475 .. .. .	13	69 .. .. .	8	222 .. .. .	5
9 .. .. .	12	146 .. .. .	8	442 .. .. .	5
14 .. .. .	12	411 .. .. .	8	37 .. .. .	4
121 .. .. .	12	201 .. .. .	7	127 .. .. .	4
16 .. .. .	11	499 .. .. .	7	198 .. .. .	4
216 .. .. .	11	94 .. .. .	6	214 .. .. .	4
366 .. .. .	10	162 .. .. .	6	232 .. .. .	4
246 .. .. .	9	219 .. .. .	6	253 .. .. .	4
254 .. .. .	9	259 .. .. .	6	315 .. .. .	4
371 .. .. .	9	266 .. .. .	6	387 .. .. .	4
Car No. 286 .. .. .	1	459 .. .. .	6	396 .. .. .	4
(Experimental Licence).					

## WHITE ROOFS

Car No.	Pts.	Car No.	Pts.	Car No.	Pts.
155 .. .. .	3	509 .. .. .	3	54 .. .. .	1
166 .. .. .	3	46 .. .. .	2	66 .. .. .	1
185 .. .. .	3	64 .. .. .	2	190 .. .. .	1
192 .. .. .	3	87 .. .. .	2	322 .. .. .	1
312 .. .. .	3	113 .. .. .	2	346 .. .. .	1
408 .. .. .	3	145 .. .. .	2	437 .. .. .	1
457 .. .. .	3	263 .. .. .	2	438 .. .. .	1
458 .. .. .	3	478 .. .. .	2	488 .. .. .	1
				505 .. .. .	1

All other Cars — White Roofs



# making 'em GO

by

**TONY BOSTOCK**

technical editor *Popular Motoring*

## Valves, Ports and General Blending Work

So far we've talked in terms of manifolds, carburettors, aligning ports and manifolds, and general cleaning up the ports. Let's go on a stage further and see what can be done with the valves themselves, and the portion of the ports in the vicinity of the valve heads. From there we'll have a go at blending some of the rough bits of the combustion chambers and so forth.

First the valves. There are two things that the amateur can do with the valving of the engine which costs practically nothing, and gives some improvement in performance right away. The valve seats and faces can be changed from their original 45-degrees to 30-degrees. This is done on a machine such as a Black and Decker valve facer, and a valve-seat cutting tool. Changing these angles immediately gives a 20% increase in area when the valve is open.

The second thing is to insert a large washer between the top of each valve spring and the top of the valve chest. This places additional tension on the spring, and retards the onset of surge, or valve bounce as some call it. But on the other hand, the odd 12s. 6d. or so for a set of new extra-tension valve springs, or Duplex springs, both types available from Terry Springs, Reddich, makes this washer method hardly worth the effort, since in each case the springs must be taken out and replaced. Incidentally, if you are ever fitting variable rate (progressive) springs to your valves—this is the type with close coils at one end—don't forget that the close coils go toward the top of the valve chest.

Getting back to this change of valve seat angle, have a close look at the drawing number 6. When the seat has been recut to 30-degrees, the approach to the seating can be blended so that the opposite sides are at an angle of 60-degrees. The contact surface of the seat (x), figure 6, can be as narrow as  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. measured from the outside edge of the contact area. Then the blending can be taken from the inner edge of this  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. seating. Blending can, as usual, be done with rotary files.

Now you can attend to the valve itself, and to the top of the guide. When a valve is new it usually has a sharp edge to the topside, and this can be rounded off by inserting the valve stem in the chuck of an electric drill, then spinning the valve while a file and/or coarse emery is held against the sharp edge until it is rounded off to meet the outer edge of the contact edge of the valve face, as shown at point F. Now do the same to point G to the inner edge of the contact area of the valve face.

With the throat of the port dealt with, and the head of the valve treated as well, you will have a smooth and ideal passage for the fuel/air mixture. The final thing to do, if you have not already done so, is to

reduce the protruding portion of the valve guide, point E, until it is flush with the inner contour of the port tract.

Incidentally, it is worth mentioning at this stage that if you intend fitting double valve springs, the valve guides will have to be machined to take the inner ring. If you need this work done, or any kind of engine machining work such as skimming cylinder heads, that can't be done by a firm locally to you, contact John Granville Grenfell, South Road Works, South Road, Weybridge, Surrey. He has been building racing machinery (both cars and motorcycles) since the famous days of Brooklands, and he's a gen man on these small Ford motors as well as on more he-man machinery.

## Oversized Valves

There is little need to fit oversized exhaust valves, but there is much advantage to be gained from the use of oversized inlet valves. These are available from a few of the better-known speed shops dealing with Ford 1172 engines. You can enlarge the throat of the port in the same way as described for figure 6, but first it is necessary to mark up the outer diameter size. To do this, measure exactly the diameter of the outside of the seat of the oversized valve, then place a cork or wood blank in the existing valve opening in the block. Find the dead centre of this blank, and scribe a circle exactly the same size as the outside diameter of the new valve seat, then another circle for the inside of the seat— $\frac{1}{16}$  in. wide again. Then work with the rotary files until you have blended the port out to this new inner diameter, remembering the 60-degree rule shown in the drawing.

Some oversized valves are of sufficiently limited increase in size that it is possible to dispense with the above enlargement method, and you can use a valve re-seating tool to obtain the full outer diameter of the new seat. Then all you need is to blend the throat of the port as described.

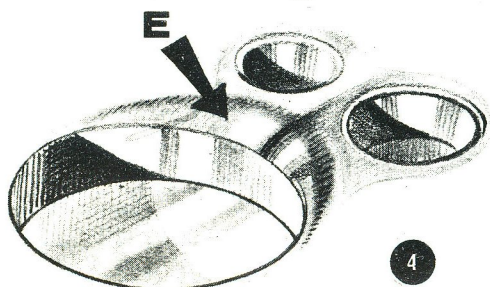
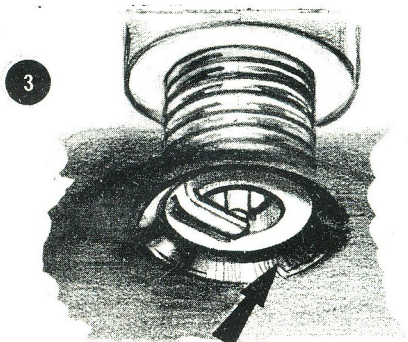
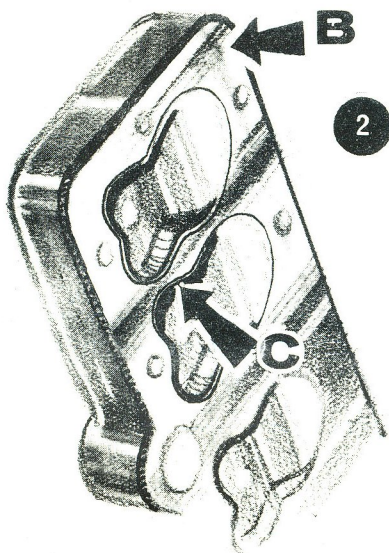
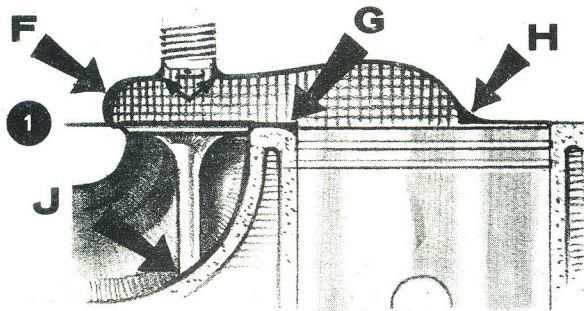
Oversized valves have larger valve heads than the original, but in stem length and diameter they are the same as the original, so there are no further modifications to be made. But please do not take the trouble to fit them with new valve guides, and give them a chance to do what they were designed to do—give better performance.

And talking about valve guides, it's quite pointless trying to lap in valves with carborundum paste if the guides (or valve stems for that matter) are worn, as the valve faces and seats can never be accurately matched. When the engine is working the valve will descend off-centre and there will be a lack of compression in the cylinder. This often results in the strange and baffling symptoms of power falling off at higher revs, or in flaming out of the carburetter, or banging in the exhaust.



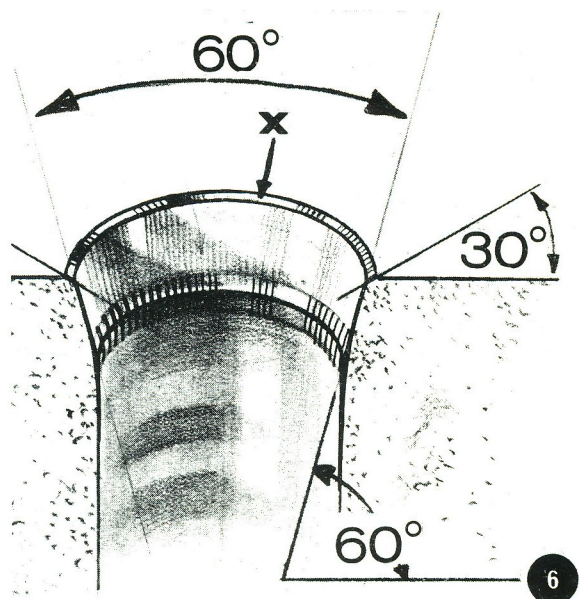
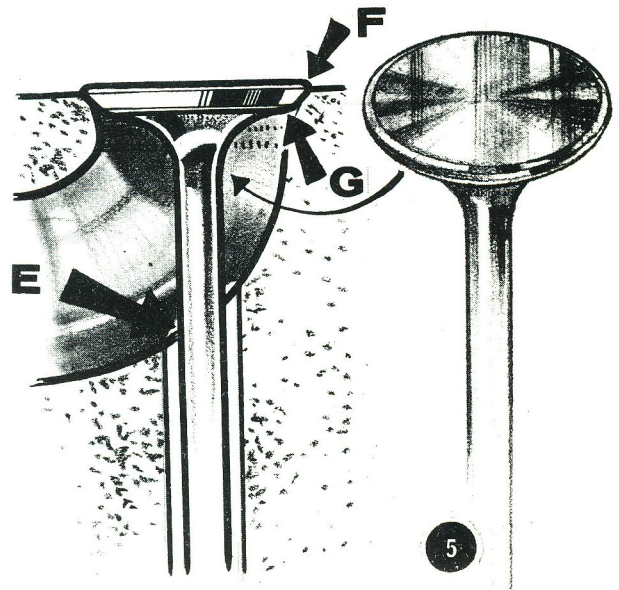
### BLENDING THE SHARP EDGES

In figure 1, the general areas that need attention are shown. Figure 2 shows where the edge of the combustion chambers need work, and also the face (B) that must be machined to increase the compression ratio. Blending out the unused plug threads is shown in figure 3, and in figure 4 you see the method of dealing with the block face when the valves have 'pocketed'.



### VALVES AND PORTS

The valve is left after manufacture with sharp edges which can be blended out carefully. In figure 5, the top edge (F) is smoothed around to the outer edge of the valve facing, on a correct radius. On the under side of the valve head the blending is carried to the inner edge of the valve face (G). E is where the valve guide is smoothed flush with the port. In figure 6 we show the method of preparing the valve seat, and blending the throat of the port to suit.





# making 'em GO

## Metal Blending

Mass production engines are rough as old Harry, and the amount of improvement that can be obtained from blending the rough metal is very considerable.

Sharp edges are the worst enemy, and when they are both sharp and thin, they can get red hot under conditions of excess heat, and cause pre-ignition (early detonation of the fuel). This causes knock, rough running, and a lack of power. It can happen in only one of the cylinders or in several of them.

Generally speaking, the smoother the combustion area, the higher the compression can be without causing pre-ignition, and therefore the more power you can wrest out of your engine. It also helps gas flow and scavenging of the exhaust.

Remember, however, that you must limit the amount of metal that is removed from the combustion area, as removal of metal lowers the compression ratio, and this will have to be compensated for by skimming the head. The obvious cylinder head to use for the ten engine is the Eight head, which gives you a compression gain to start with. Remember, though, that there is a limit to the amount that can be skimmed off the face of the head, as skimming brings the inside of the combustion chamber nearer to the valve heads, when they are fully open—and you don't want to get them to the point that they actually come into contact!

Let's have a shufti at the drawings 1, 2, 3, 4. In Figure 1 you can see the general areas to be cleaned up. We have already dealt with the smoothing of the valve guide protrusion (J). Then it is necessary to round out the area adjacent to the valve heads (F), so that the gas can flow in and the exhaust out, as easily as possible. Point G is the block face blending, H shows the outer edge of the combustion chamber, and the small arrows point to the plug thread area.

Now to drawing No. 2, which shows more clearly the area (C) from which the metal must be radiussed to remove the sharp edges. If you are using a Ten

head, it may not be possible to remove metal from here without intruding into the gasket area, which would result in burned head gaskets. But if, as is usual, you are using an Eight head, there is room for some blending. Beforehand, place the Ten gasket on the Eight head so that the stud holes line up exactly, and then scribe a light outline around each combustion chamber. When this is done you can clearly see how far you can blend to—and no further! Point B shows the face that is skimmed to reduce the combustion chamber height, to increase compression ratio.

In figure 3 you see the method of blending out the end of the plug threads. These threads are very thin at the ends, and under certain circumstances they can get red hot and cause pre-ignition. Only blend enough to clear the threads, and no more. Incidentally, don't ever attempt to use long-reach plugs in a skimmed head or you will bend valves.

Figure 4 shows the blending of the combustion area of the block. This must be done very lightly indeed, if at all, on an engine that is in perfect condition. It is a very useful device, however, where valves have become "pocketed" by excessive grinding in. It is possible to fit valve seat inserts, but this procedure is complicated and expensive, and much beyond the average tuner who is confined to his own limited equipment. Therefore blending can be done from the outer edge of the valve seating, as far as the cylinder wall, but not below the head of the piston, unless the adjacent edge of the piston is very slightly relieved to match. But such work on the piston I don't recommend the amateur tuner to try.

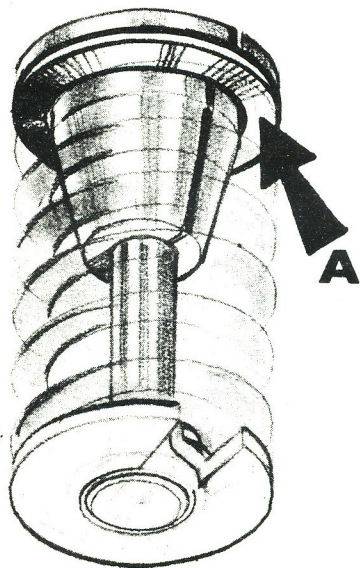
The big thing to remember about blending is that a very good job can be done without removing very much metal at all, and the least you take out the better, and the less skimming of the head is required in order to compensate the compression.

Also, exactly the same amount of metal must be taken from each combustion chamber, so that you keep an accurate "balance" between them.

## And Next Month

Engine balance is vital, so we'll deal with the work you can do on the combustion spaces, the pistons, connecting rods, and so forth to ensure perfect balance, which will enable the engine to operate at high revs much more freely, and with far less possibility of a "blow-up".

TONY BOSTOCK



## VALVE SPRINGS

Although you really should fit new extra-tension Terry valve springs for best effect, to delay the onset of valve bounce, a small amount of money can be saved by inserting a washer (A) as shown, above the old springs.



# *have Spedeworth a points and grading problem on their hands?*

At the last A.G.M., it was announced that a more just method of calculating points for roof grading would be introduced. It was decided that the average points earned by a driver in a grading period would in future be the guide, instead of the number of points each driver amassed throughout the season.

The first gradings to be formulated using this new procedure have now been published, and in spite of the care taken by the Board of Control it is possible that there may still be some features about the new scheme that will meet with disapproval from some drivers, and possibly some supporters who think that their favourites are getting a raw deal.

The above statement may seem highly improbable at first glance, more so when one considers that the old system was held to be unfair to drivers of proven ability, who, owing to circumstances beyond their control, were unable to race as often as others. It was considered that the new method would ensure that the BEST men earned the coveted Red Tops regardless of the fact that they may only attend a limited number of meetings each month. I should add here, that when the Board of Control announced the intended change, it was whole heartedly approved by the drivers, with, as far as I can remember, not one word of dissention.

So, you may well ask, where is the problem?

Well, it may be too early to form a fair assessment of how the new method will work, but nevertheless, it does seem to me that under certain circumstances, it could pay a driver NOT to race. Whilst I do not wish to be accused of stirring things up unnecessarily, I do not think that the following explanation does deserve some consideration.

Regardless of the amount of success a driver may achieve, the greater the number of appearances he puts in, the greater the chance of bad luck affecting him. Obviously, a man who attends a dozen meetings a month, stands less chance of coming through the month unscathed than a man who may make only one or two appearances, because the odds against the first man are so much higher. This could conceivably lead to a man MORE jealous of his grading than the actual money he wins, and who, having had a particularly successful meeting or two at the start of a grading period, refraining from racing again during that period in order to conserve his good average. Thus we could find that certain star men were missing from the raceways towards the end of the grading period, a situation that could be disastrous. Whilst not so likely to occur amongst the lower grades, this may be something against which the Board of Control may feel they will have to guard.

How then could they do this?

One possible way would be to award points for appearances. This may not work with the white grade men, but I will come back to them later, however, such a system would discourage stars from sitting on the fence. Not that I am accusing any of them of doing this at present. Possibly the

best way to credit these "appearance points" would be to add them on after a drivers average has been worked out. It may be argued that this would defeat the object of the new method of averages, but I do not think so. It could, however, help to plug a possible loophole in the system as it stands.

Now to look at the position of the White Tops.

At the A.G.M. it was suggested that it might be a good idea to have another colour for novice drivers. This was dropped when it was decided that any driver who returned to the track after a lay off, if once he had held a colour grading of Red or Blue, must return as a yellow grade. This is to ensure that no experienced man gets an unfair advantage at the front of the grid. If "appearance points" were awarded these points would be a guide as to who were the real novices, and this knowledge might be used to advantage. One thing I should like to make clear however, is that I do not think that these points should ever be taken into account in deciding a drivers grade, WHERE NO OTHER POINTS HAVE BEEN EARNED. In other words a White Top would have to earn his promotion by scoring his points in racing and his "appearance points" would only be added once he had done so.

Obviously, these are only one man's personal views, and if there is any talking point here at all, a lot more arguments must be put forward. What are your views? If the Editor prints this, he will also want your opinion, and if you are a driver, now that we have the Journal, you don't have to wait until the next A.G.M., or until you see a committee man. Incidentally, perhaps the Drivers' Committee members would care to give their views.

HARRY BARNES.

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## GLAMOROUS EFFICIENCY

I would like to use this space, to bring to your notice two young ladies, who between them have been doing the almost impossible task of lap scoring. Everyone connected with the sport used to dread the day that Gwen Cecil ceased to operate as Spedeworth's official lap scorer. The lady had been doing this difficult job for a number of seasons, this season she had to go over the Border to Bonny Scotland as a director of the Scottish venture. In came the fore-mentioned ladies, Mavis Eaton, who had lap-scored earlier as relief to Gwen, and a completely new name, Sonia Meekings, from Ipswich. She was an immediate success, never getting frustrated, always calm and so very efficient, Spedeworth have done themselves a great favour. As for Sonia, well, words cannot do her justice; she is the tops. A pleasure to work with and as reliable as she is attractive.

JACK HOLT.



# trend

## *how did it happen?*

CURIOUS? Then I'll tell you *HOW IT DID HAPPEN*. Way back before the 1939/45 war, a son was born to a Mr. Embleton, Thomas, Arthur Allen. Now this being his first child, Mr. Embleton Allen was in rather a hurry to have the birth of his son and heir registered and subsequently Christened. Embleton is apparently an Irish surname (so the lad has a touch of the Irish in him, although to hear him talk you would not think so? !), which has been handed down from generation to generation to the first son born in every family. Mr. E. T. A. Allen not wishing to prove the exception, thought that he would carry on the tradition but would give his son the opportunity of a subtle get out from being lumbered with Embleton as a first Christian name. Let's face it, to run the risk of being called Emmy with "The Boys" about is no joke. And so it came to pass that E. T. A. was known by all and sundry as "Chummy" Allen, and the first Allen "Nickname" was born. So "Chummy" decided upon the bright idea of naming his successor as Embleton, Thomas, John Allen. (Now he's got John Thomas as Christian names, no comment please?), but would encourage everybody to call him Jack Allen. In the flurry of registering the birth, E. T. A. proceeded to get into terrible confusion with the result that the lad finished up being Christened Jack, Embleton, Thomas Allen with subsequent initials "J. E. T." and so the second "nickname" arrived. Funnily enough "JET" was was not going to be used by anybody for many a year to come. During this infant's school days "The Pull The Ladder Up Brigade" was very much in evidence and Jack it was to be until he started to serve an engineering apprenticeship at the tender age of 16. His place of work was the Royal Ordnance Factory, Woolwich, more commonly known as Woolwich Arsenal. Jack having always played a lot of football for the School first team was subsequently picked to play for R.O.F. Woolwich. Whilst in the dressing room changing for a game, one of his team mates suddenly turned round and said, "Good Lord," I think we'll have to call you "Chunkky" from now on. "Chunkky"—the Lad thought, why on earth would they want to call me that? (Perhaps some factory type might offer an explanation). Yes, you've guessed it, a factory type did explain and so throughout his playing days "Jet" was lumbered with "Chunkky." Having completed his apprenticeship and deciding that engineering was a disease and not a profession, Chunkky became a commercial traveller and still travels to this day.

Being a commercial traveller, he had to have business cards of course, and as is the usual procedure, all initials are shown and once again he became J. E. T. Allen and is to this day known by his customers as "Jet" Allen. Again the initial J. was to "set the trend" (I knew I could not keep Trend Setters out of this article). Jack was his name, Jet was his nickname.

In 1954 when it all started, Jet became very friendly with a fellow "Villagite" from Wilmington, nr. Dartford, Kent, which incidently is where "Jet" was born and bred or quarried as you may think fit. The fellow "Villagite" was none other than Johnny Brise one of the greatest Formula 1 stock car drivers that there has ever been. Go up to Belle Vue, Manchester and mention two names "Crowfish" Crider and Johnny Brise and you'll see what I mean. A year later "Jet" was asked to drive a "Stokker" under the Johnny Brise banner, an opportunity that he jumped at. To be able to drive for and be under the personal guidance, tuition and encouragement of "The Great" Johnny Brise was a chance in a lifetime not to be missed. With a set-up like this you would not expect to have any complications whatsoever. Not on your nelly. Two other drivers who were already "In the Fold" were the fabulous Jack Wells and the very consistent Cliff Sisley. No problem here you may say, but stop and think. Johnny Brise, Jack Wells, Jack (Jet) Allen, so for poor old Cliff it was all Jacks and Johns. As it happened Jack Allen was not known by the others as Jet Allen and so every time Cliff called out Jack lend us a spanner, or give us a lift, three lads all dashed forward to lend a hand. Now team spirit is one thing, but this was ridiculous. So Cliff suggested that one of the Jacks should have a "Nickname" and before "Jet" could explain the position of his initials to the others, Jack Wells looked at "Jet" and said, "Well you're a bit of an Elephant at times and you're the biggest (Jet being 15 stones, the others between 11 and 12 stones) so we'll Christen you "Jumbo", and so amidst uproarious laughter from the others, another Trend-Setting "J" Nickname was born and has lasted ever since. Therefore the letter "J" has featured prominently in your scribes names from Jack to Jet to Jumbo and that's the way it seems its going to stay. A bit of a fairy tale you may say or a Tall Story? No! I can assure you that every word in the story is the gospel truth and an exact account of *HOW IT DID HAPPEN*.



# setters

by **JUMBO** MISTER **ALLEN**  
SUNSHINE

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?—To a Dog.

You may or may not know that No. 463 and yours truly are always ribbing each other. Who's 463? Yes I nearly forgot to tell you. No. 463 is none other than "Curly" Derek Sticking from Morden in Surrey. Now if you know Derek you will appreciate that him and I call each other "Curly" for very different reasons. Derek's got a shock of curly hair that any girl would be proud of and of course, well you know the rest of the story about me. "Curly" by the way has a terrific sense of humour and is a "Great Hearted Tryer" out on the track. Yes, you know him "Curly The Great" Walters Pie Wagon. Recently at Wimbledon I had the pleasure of taking Derek round on the Control Car on a lap of honour, his first-ever win to the best of my knowledge, and what a terrific ovation he got from the crowd. That's the sort of encouragement to give any White Top, especially when he is a tryer. If I'm any judge "Curly" won't be a White Top very much longer on the form he has displayed recently. But back to his sense of humour, Derek came dashing out of the pits at Arlington last Sunday, April 25th, after the Grand Final, and the conversation went something like this:

CURLY: Do you know Jumbo, a tragic thing happened in the pits earlier this afternoon.  
JUMBO: Oh yes, and what did happen in the pits earlier this afternoon.

CURLY: Well I tipped some petrol into a dish ready to wash out the carburettor and placed it on the ground whilst I dismantled the carb.

JUMBO: Oh yes—then what.

CURLY: Well a dog came up sniffed the dish and drank up all the petrol!

JUMBO: You're kidding, of course.

CURLY: No I'm not, on the level, the dog dashed round the pits three or four times at high velocity and then lay down on his back with all four legs pointing to the heavens.

JUMBO: What—Dead?!!!!

CURLY: No—just run out of petrol.

JUMBO: X!!!!!!!?

See what I mean. Stock Car Racing is the Greatest Sport I know with some of the Greatest Personalities.

Till the next meeting, when once again I'll be starting them off for you, all the best.

JACK, JET, JUMBO (Mr. Sunshine) ALLEN.  
(Golden Bowler)





# TRACK CHAT

## ENTERTAINMENT IMPACT!

A packed Wimbledon Stadium rocked to its foundations at the climax of Heat 5 on Easter Monday evening. What a race! Thrill-packed from the Green flag, with Don Mason (34) through early to challenge the skilful driving of Alan Miles in his finned 468 car, Johnny Melia adding to the racing flavour with a push here, and a daring slide there, but then, with Don pushing like a proverbial argonaut, from nowhere it seemed, the green and gold bomb piloted by World Champ. Eddie James, shoots through to whip the coveted first place.

That's the racing that sets the pulse beating, lifts crowds from their seats and gives stock car racing the taste of glory and boost that it so well deserves. This is why our sport is increasing in popularity every week.

## David and Goliath

With the arrival of the Dutch Stock Car Touring team in Britain, Spedeworth pulled off another first—for what to most people appeared, to say the least, fantastic to think about, was Formula I giants versus the little 'uns. Aldershot presented the debut of the dashing Dutch, here the red and white monsters bucked and slithered over the "impeccable?" track surface, only to be severely trounced by our Red Tops. The next day, and again no success for the Dutch team at New Cross, which opened on Good Friday. Despite a change in tactics the visitors from Halland found that even a Formula II car has teeth, and can bite back—as Pete Parratt in car 86 soon showed them. Although constantly baulked by the trailing Dutch car, Pete fought on, one minute crushed against the fence, the next rocketing toward the centre green—yet again the "Spedeworth Speedsters" chalked up a win. But what was probably the final straw in this running fight happened on Easter Monday at the Oxford circuit where Roy Wood had the audacity to spin one of the monsters, much to the elation of the rain-soaked crowd. A grand bunch the Dutch drivers turned out to be, they probably realized when they saw the size of our raceways that they were on a losing wicket, but they pressed on, soon caught the "Spedeworth" way of "mixing it" and appeared to enjoy themselves. We will have a team touring Holland this summer, so the rumour we heard of the "baby" missing from the Tank testing grounds at Aldershot is probably true—maybe that's the one painted red in a certain coach station Farnham way!!

Well, Easter's gone, the long hot summer awaits us, we hope! with dusty tracks replacing the wet, racing passes on with something gained, some new fans added, more triumphs achieved and a rosey future ahead.

## Aldershot, 15th April

The first meeting in Spedeworth's ambitious programme for the Easter holidays was a pointer to what was to be expected over the following five days. If anyone was expecting that the drivers would be inclined to nurse their motors in order that they would survive the whole programme, then they were proved wrong from the start.

This meeting, as most meetings do at Aldershot, had everything. The racing was of a very high standard, and on top of this, we were graced by the first International event of the season, and this turned out to be a real stock car classic.

The first heat of the normal programme was won by Don Mason. Don took the lead in the eighth lap, and defied the efforts of Dave Pierce and Denny Pearson who pulled everything out of the bag in their attempts to pass him. Second and third places went to Dave and Denny, in that order. White tops (299) Arch Brown, a local boy, and Joe Edwards (198), did well to qualify for the final.

Heat two was yet another triumph for World Champion Eddie James. With five laps to go, Eddie had built up a half-lap lead on nearest rival Tony Maidment. Tony Bradfield (247) took the third place after some hectic scrapping with Eric Taylor who had to be content with the fourth position. White top Arthur Haskett (252) qualified with a creditable sixth position.

The third heat was good value for anyone's money. Prominent in the early laps were Joe Edwards and Arch Brown, but Pete Parratt who was really flying, was the first star man to come to the front. However, he was spun with six laps to go, and Trevor Carpenter moved up into first place, and held on to win. Arch Brown held off a renewed challenge from Pete Parratt and took the second place, with Pete third.

The fourth heat, was for the most of the drivers, a desperate scramble. Only six cars qualified, there being no seventh or eighth place. Eddie James repeated his performance of race two, and took the chequered flag, and Arthur Haskett did very well to take the second place with Tony Bradfield third.

The Grand Final became a real battle of the Giants. After only five laps, the first three positions were filled by star men, Pete Parratt, Don Mason and Trevor Carpenter, and chasing them through the back markers was Eddie James. However, there was to be no hat trick for Eddie, as he was forced to retire in the ninth lap. Final positions: Pete Parratt, Don Mason, Trevor Carpenter, Dave Pierce, Chelsea Butler (16) and Rod Tanwell (182).

## Holland v. England

The Holland team for the International event, took the track with an impressive array of machinery. Three Ford Fairlanes, two Thunderbirds and a Ford Mercury.

At first sight of these cars on the track, few of us watching could imagine how our own lads could ever get on terms with them should they get into the lead. In the Dutch heat it was the two Fairlanes and a



Mercury that qualified for the final, and the way the Continentals handled these giants, left us in no doubt as to the size of the task confronting the English representatives. More so, when, because of their faster times they had to start at the back of the grid.

The line up for the Final was, Holland, Janssen (2), Kleyngeld (88) and Noordlander (35). England, Eddie James, Don Mason, Dave Pierce.

From the start the two Fairlanes went flat out for the lead, whilst the Mercury settled down to the task of spoiling. For a while it looked as though this strategy would pay off, as first one and then the other of the England team tried to force their way past the Dutch back marker. Running into the side or back of one of these Formula I cars was, for our boys, like driving into the safety fence. They just bounced off. However, through sheer persistence, our boys finally made the break, and when Don Mason and Eddie James literally attempted to drive right through the Mercury, Dave Pierce siezed the opportunity and shot through on the inside. After this it looked easy, our three musketeers whipped past the remaining Dutch cars before the drivers even realised they were in the vicinity, and from then on there was just no stopping the England team. Dave Pierce crossed the line first, followed by Eddie James and Don Mason. But this was a team victory of the highest order. They only pulled off the seemingly impossible by working together to the best of their outstanding ability.

And so the first of the Easter Internationals resulted in a maximum points win to England, and the end to a perfect night's racing at Aldershot.

HARRY BARNES.

### New Cross—Good Friday

There was no lack of interest in the Meeting staged at New Cross on Good Friday, as this was the first Spedeworth presentation at this stadium. Also it was the scene of the second International event between Holland and England. The programme presented was first class, both in organisation and in the standard of racing put up by the drivers. In spite of the fact that Spedeworth were also opening another new track at Yarmouth, there was no shortage of star men, no less than eleven of them competing.

The first heat was a triumph for that steadily improving white top Brian Jones (290). He got into the lead early on and stayed there in defiance of all efforts to remove him. A really nicely judged race by Brian who must go far if he can keep this up. Second place went to popular blue grade man Brian Edwards (243), with Jan Scott the first red top home after a ding-dong battle with Pete Parratt and Tony Maidment.

Heat two brought the crowd to their feet in the first lap, when there was a terrific pile-up on the pit bend. This helped both Mike Turner (12) and Dick Hall (209) to an early advantage, and they proceeded to battle between themselves for the lead. Mike Turner lost ground having been spun, and at the end of nine laps it was Jim Field (180) who led until Eddie James took the lead in the fifteenth lap. Incidentally it took Eddie three laps to pass Jim Field, and that's about the longest time I can remember it's taken him to pass a white top. Eddie James was first man home with Jim Field second and Trevor Carpenter third.

In heat three Brian Jones again established an early lead, with Colin Brading in close attendance, but it was George Polley (269) who took over the front spot in the eighth lap and there he stayed despite the fact that Tony Maidment tried every trick he knew to displace him. Third place went to John Cottenham (454).

The pit bend was again the scene of a big pile-up in the fourth heat, this time in the second lap. Jim Field took the lead and held it until the half-way mark, which was how long it took Eddie James to reach the only place he cares for. John Astley (366) Spun Jim Field out of his second position, and he only just made the last qualifying place. Eddie James was first, with Don Mason second and stable-mate Trevor Carpenter third.

The Grand Final was a real humdinger. I was expecting to see the World Champ. bring off a hat-trick of wins again, as this is becoming a habit with him this season, but it was not to be. Eddie was forced to retire before the half-way stage was reached. Brian Jones took the lead in the fourth lap and held it to the fourteenth when Brian Edwards who had been close on his tail all the way, took over. From then on the race developed into a real neck jerker, with Tony Maidment trying all he knew to get in front. Brian held on well until the last lap when Tony just forced his way through to pip him on the post.

Grand Final results: First Tony Maidment followed by Brian Edwards, Trevor Carpenter, John Cottenham, Rod Tanwell, and Jan Scott.

The International event saw changes in both the Holland and the English teams from those that represented their respective countries on the previous night at Aldershot.

The Holland team consisted of Jac Van-Claes (77), A. Kleyngeld (88) and Th. Janssen (2) who were the first three home after an exciting race off, in which one of the three specially-constructed Dutch cars got tangled up with the safety fence on the home straight, causing extensive damage in spite of the strength of the car.

First three men home in the England heat were: Pete Parratt, Jan Scott and Dave Pierce, victor of the Aldershot event. Once again, in view of their faster heat time the home team had to start at the rear of the grid.

The visitors resorted to their plan of the previous night, two cars going all out for the lead, whilst one concentrated on spoiling. This plan seemed to be working successfully as after three laps their lead was something over a quarter of a lap, and our lads were still trying to spin the back marker in order to make the break. Then everything happened at once. The two Dutch lead cars got tangled going into the bottom bend, and Pete Parratt and Dave Pierce forced the back marker over enough to let Jan Scott through. Jan whipped by the front pair followed by Dave Pierce, but unfortunately Pete Parratt was still unable to pass the number two car. This order was maintained until the end with Jan Scott taking the first place for England, with Dave Pierce second and Th. Janssen third. A points victory for England the team of 10-2.

Another fine team effort by the English boys, and the end to another fine night's racing.

HARRY BARNES.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Common, Tunbridge Wells.  
26th April, 1965.

Dear Sirs,

Sunday, 25th April, 1965, at Formula II Stock Car Racing, Arlington Stadium, my friends and I saw the nastiest bit of driving in Stock Car Racing we have ever watched in our years of following stock car races. It spoilt a wonderful afternoon.

Stan Ingle won two very good heats and drove well, but in the final he was a disgrace to sport. We had already mentioned the fact No. 2 had slowed down waiting for Don Mason (34) to lap him, but we never expected him to make such a nasty vicious attack as he did, putting on full speed to ram 34, broadside on. Wouldn't it have been more sporty to continue to race and try to make up time. It was not Don's fault that Stan went over a barrel and so lost more time.

We always cheer a good driver whether he is our favourite or not, but if Stan Ingle races again we will join everybody else in booing him off the track; he might be a good driver but he is *not* a sportsman.

We hope Don Mason's injuries are not serious and we wish him good health and good luck. He is a grand fellow, a good driver and a sportsman, a great shame if he has been put out of action by a nasty vicious temper.

If Stan Ingle is allowed to go scot free, then any back marker can, in future do the same to any winner, then we will not wish to watch stock car racing again.

Yours faithfully  
(on behalf of friends)  
MRS. J. E. AVIS.

21 Scott Street, Maidstone,  
27th April, 1965.

Dear Mr. Eaton,

I have to write to you because, as a great fan of your Formula II Stock Car Racing, how angry I am, and I am sure many others feel the same way about the incident last Sunday at Eastbourne, 25th inst., concerning two star drivers.

I personally, standing on the pit bends, along with the Club Secretary, saw (34) trying to pass (2), (2) being caught alongside a White roof went towards the safety fence, letting (34) into the lead, the fencing of (2) was accidental. What then followed I think was a disgrace to stock car racing, a star driver (2) waiting to return a accidental fencing to a mean and unsporting, deliberate fencing, to a car well in the lead.

The whole incident should never have occurred and I say I never wish to see it again at any other Spedeworth raceway. The person concerned, being a star driver, who should know better should be punished by the Board to show any other drivers who may have ideas of this nature, that the Board and the supporting public do not wish to see this kind of stock car racing.

Yours faithfully,  
K. RANSOME.

19 Park Rise, Hove, 4.  
27th April, 1965

Dear Editor,

I think that the way that Stan Ingle, driver of car number (2), cold-bloodedly drove from the centre green and rammed a fellow-driver, Don Mason, at Arlington Raceway, on April 25th, was a disgusting show of sportsmanship as he could easily have killed him. This is especially bad as this sport is ever increasing in popularity and this type of incident can only hinder its progress with both the authorities and also the spectators.

I think that your new magazine "Stock Car Journal" is very interesting, but I wish that more space could be devoted to articles, etc. on the Arlington Raceway.

Yours faithfully,  
RONALD HIBLING.





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recognise  
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# STOP PRESS

*The Spedeworth flag is hoisted in Holland, and posing are the lads who in strange cars, on a strange circuit, brought three trophies back to England, and came out top points scorers of the countries represented.*

*Holland's all right . . . but where's that thundering tea stall ! !*

## Late News Flash!

### ENGLISH STOCK CAR TEAM IN HOLLAND

#### Jack Taylor (286) Wins Top Honours

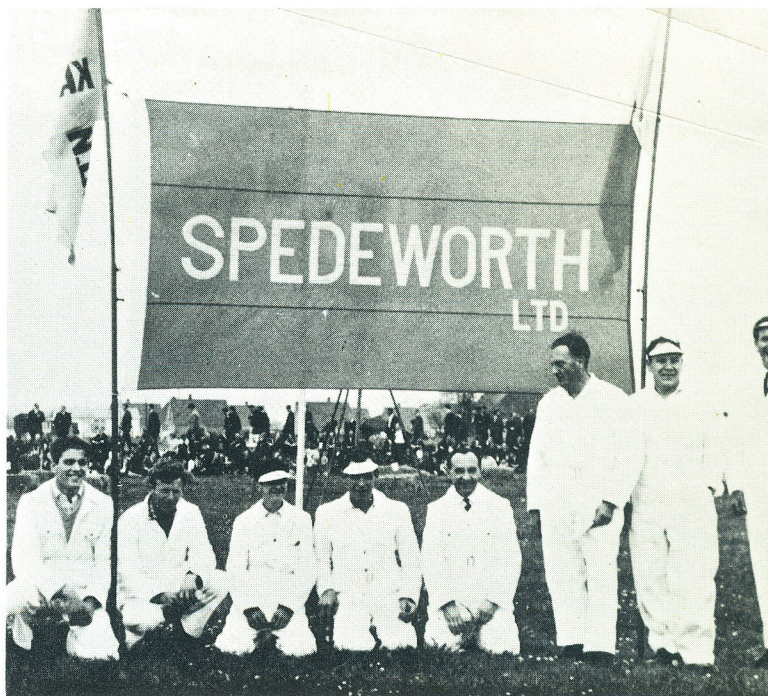
Jack Taylor (286), Eric Taylor (41), Dave Pierce (320), Don Mason (34), Trevor Carpenter (35), Bob Chipling (23), Reg Farrow (44) and Jan Scott (95) were the drivers selected by the Board of Control to represent England at an International stock car meeting held at Overasselt, Holland, on Sunday, May 2nd.

Countries represented were Holland, Germany, Belgium, France, Czechoslovakia and England.

The English team results were: Two Heat Wins (Jack Taylor); a Heat Second (Dave Pierce); a Heat Second (Jan Scott); a Heat Fifth (Trevor Carpenter). In the grand final of the afternoon, Jack Taylor came fourth.

England won the Champions' Trophy on points, making three trophies in all returning to England.

Weather conditions for this event were ideal and



an attendance of 20,000 was recorded to view the thrill-packed afternoon.

This is the first of many International meetings arranged for the Continent this season.

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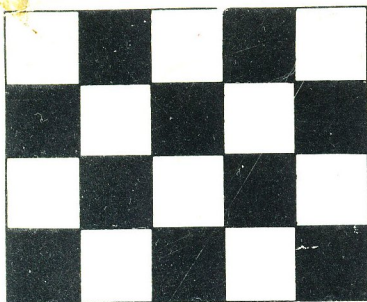
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